

THE AUSTRALIAN

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Off to see Santa

Painting by JEAN ELDER



# SEVEN (holiday) AGES OF WOMAN

Trace your footprints  
in sands of time

If you want to know just how rapidly you're growing old, ask yourself how you feel about this year's holiday. Footprints on holiday beaches are footprints on the sands of time. Here's a work-out of the normal reactions:

## At Seven:

I'M going to play with the boys all the time, not the girls... Tommy Brown is going, too... he can make those big sand castles with turrets... wonder if there'll be any races with prizes like last year... hope Father Christmas knows our holiday chimney.

## At Seventeen:

SIMPLY must have a new cotton evening dress. Pay for my perm this week, bathing suit next Friday, might manage it Friday week. Wish Dad would stop making those cracks about me thinking a holiday is the "height of the hunting season." Lot of chance I'd have of meeting men without going away... all those dull dogs at the office... Mother says she can't see why I must have a new wardrobe from the skin out just for a fortnight, but Isabel says down at Beach Hove everybody wears something different every day.

Hope there won't be the usual mob of girls and only about two men... we'll spend every night singing round the pianola... nothing worse... Isabel says Beach Hove gets more boys than most places. Must get to the dentist's to have my teeth polished... those cheap slacks are such a bad fit... but I'm mortgaged weeks ahead now. I think Mum'll lend me her ear-rings.

This is the first time I've been away without the family. Mum seems to think I'm going into mortal peril... I am thrilled but it couldn't possibly be as exciting as I hope... Still, Isabel met her George there last year, and THAT'S hating well.



SHE'S young...  
she's on holiday...  
she's looking for romance...  
her holiday's a failure without it...

## Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



MAJOR-GENERAL E. K. SMART

RECENTLY appointed G.O.C. Southern Command, Major-General E. K. Smart, D.S.O., M.C., is one of Australia's most distinguished soldiers. After serving with the A.I.F. in the last war he was appointed Chief Instructor, School of Artillery, England. Later was liaison officer at Australia House, and in 1939 returned to Australia as Q.M.G. at Army Headquarters.

Keen golfer, "but no time for golf these days," he says.



MISS E. I. CASHMAN

Oversights awards.

ONLY woman Commonwealth Arbitration Inspector, Miss E. I. Cashman, of Sydney, has had wide experience of industrial conditions. At thirteen years of age she worked as a quarter-binder with a Sydney printing firm, and for twenty-three years was organising secretary of the Women and Girls' Advisory Committee of the Printing Industry Employees' Union of Australia.

Her new duties involve oversight of the administration of Federal awards, including those of the printing industry.



MR. JOSEPH GREW

Diplomatic ace.

ONE of the most successful and popular diplomats ever appointed to Tokio is Mr. Joseph Grew, "ace man" of America's Foreign Service, and U.S.A. Ambassador to Japan since 1932. To his diplomatic sure-footedness goes the credit for smoothing out several hair-trigger incidents between the countries.



"LOVELY AS THE MORNING"—ALL DAY

Glowing... soft... smooth... that's how your skin should feel after your bath. To keep your body dainty and fresh all day long, try a rub over with Jean Marie Farina Eau de Cologne, applied with a friction glove. Used this way by discriminating women in Europe and America, this world-

famous Eau de Cologne is gloriously refreshing. A product of the House of Roger & Gallet, Jean Marie Farina Eau de Cologne is stocked by all chemists and stores throughout Australia—prices range from 2/6d. to 50/- the quality never varies.

*Jean Marie Farina*  
EAU DE COLOGNE ROGER & GALLET

## At Twenty-seven:

THIS time last year we were on our honeymoon... lucky we're going somewhere different this year, all my trousseau clothes will look new... Shall be rather amused watching the young scramble for the men... Nice to have your husband round and be out of the rush... Don't feel terribly old and settled though... hope all the young men won't pass me over because I'm married... Naturally I don't want any holiday flirtations, but I like to get my share of dances... It'll be like a second honeymoon, I hope... Am determined to stay young and attractive—for John, of course—Shall watch how I make out on holidays as an annual test.

## At Thirty-seven:

MUST get new sandals all round for the children... pack the iodine and bandages... Mabs is certain to be car sick... Won't bother to get anything new to wear... that beach wrap's pretty faded—but so comfortable... Thank goodness the moths treated my swim-suit with ignore and there's a bit of perm left in my hair... The children are wildly excited... holidays are a mixed blessing... get some peace while they're bathing between wondering if they really are drowned this time... Must be getting old... haven't a quail about setting out with a wardrobe guaranteed to blanket any lingering remnants of youth and charm... think more of a chance to put my feet up than dancing... get a twinge, though, when I think of the thrill I used to get as I licked the last luggage label and straightened my hat for the fray... Still, if I miss the thrills I also miss the disappointments... there's comfort in being past the age where you expect too much of yourself... or life.

## At Forty-seven:

THAT new black dinner frock is quite smart... hope there'll be some good contract players there... lot of beginners last year... so exasperating seeing good hands wasted night after night... Miss the family on these jaunts now they are old enough to go off on their own... can't imagine why they want to get into messy tents and bathe in the river... s'pose I've got to the age where the trivia of civilised living is important... Oh, well.

## At Fifty-seven:

NEW slippers... that's all I need... must ease my feet after following those youngsters all over the beach... they rush on, calling, "Come on, Grandma"... gives their mother a chance to have some fun while I mind them... glad there's still something I can do this holiday will buck me up... keep me going for the year... must get some wool to make soldiers' scarves at night while the others dance... too lazy for cards now.

## At Sixty-seven:

WHY people want to leave their comfortable homes I can't imagine... never can get what you like to eat in these places... and the beds! Must take some books... I'll be remembering other holidays years ago... it's sad—but sweet-looking back.



*"It was love at first sight"...*

# QUEEN'S COUSIN WEDS SCOTTISH LAUNDRESS

Working parents opposed match but  
Prince Charming was irresistible

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our London Representative.

Britain is now talking about romance, not bombs, the romance between the Queen's kinsman, dashing Captain Patrick Drummond-Scott, and Jean Crawford when the tall, dark, and handsome blue-eyed captain besieged the laundry where she worked.

Scene of the romance was Largs, neat, grey-stone town washed by the waters of the Firth of Clyde and nestling in a halo of hills. It must have seemed a fortress to be stormed by a Prince Charming to black-haired, brown-eyed, twenty-year-old Jean Crawford when the tall, dark, and handsome blue-eyed captain besieged the laundry where she worked.

THEY met at a dance on the pier pavilion at Largs, where twice a week dances for the troops are held, and where Jean and her younger sister, Helen, are frequent visitors.

It was a case of love at first sight, for thereafter Captain Scott began to haunt the laundry, peeping in the window while he waited for Jean to emerge.

Indeed, so persistent were his attentions that Jean finally left the laundry, as love interfered with work.

Jean is a good workwoman, and she was head ironer.

The course of true love does not run smoothly during the two weeks of a whirlwind courtship, for Jean's sturdy, working-class parents, with true Scots realism, steadily opposed the match, saying, "Jean shouldn't marry out of her station in life."

The suitor was deaf to all arguments, refusing to agree that anything mattered save their love for each other.

Captain Scott is a charming personality and a universal favorite. He has a smile reminiscent of the Queen, and blue, Bowes-Lyon eyes, and with these assets he soon won over Jean's four sisters, three of whom are married.

He persuaded Helen to go to Glasgow with him to help choose a £100 three-diamond engagement ring.

Even then it was still not settled, for the night before the couple were due to be married he spent in the little working-class flat arguing till dawn with Jean's parents.

In the morning Jean agreed to bow to her parents' wishes, and went to tell him so, but still he wouldn't be denied, and, taking her in his arms, refused to listen to her arguments.

Convinced, but still a little anxious to obey her parents, Jean fell back on a truly feminine argument.

She had no frock fit for a wedding. It was then 1 o'clock and the wedding was scheduled for 2 o'clock.

Largs, like most Scottish towns, closes up for the luncheon hour, and the frock shops were shut, but Scott

would not allow a detail like that to deter him.

He sent the best man.

Lieutenant E. L. G. MacArthur, of his regiment, to the church to tack up a notice on the church door saying the wedding was postponed for an hour while the bride bought a frock.

He packed the bride and her sister in a taxi and went to get Miss Kierney, proprietress of Madame Christine's, from her lunch to sell a frock and make hurried alterations to it.

## One-day honeymoon

THE postponement for an hour gave time for the news to spread around the town, and when at 3 o'clock the bridal couple arrived at St. Columba's Church, whose slender spire dominates the waterfront, they found it packed with half the population of the town.

The bride's parents weren't among them. Her sisters and their husbands turned up, and John McConnell, railway carrier, who is husband of Jean's sister Jennie, gave away the bride, Jennie acting as matron of honor.

The knot was securely tied, and the bridegroom whisked off the bride in his car to Glasgow for a brief one-day honeymoon.

They returned to Largs on the following day, and Scott again had long

conversations with his new in-laws, for he'd been recalled to his regiment.

Jean is at present living with her parents in their little flat for a week, then she expects to rejoin her husband near where his regiment is stationed.

The wedding brought Largs to the front page of newspapers all over Britain, and it is still the chief topic of conversation in the town itself.

Laundry-worker Meg Maclaren said: "Jean's romantic marriage was no surprise to me, for she never mixed much with the locals, and always had romantic ideas."

"She had a great flair for clothes, and was always neat and smart, even when working in the laundry. She always bought good things, and looked after them well. She is keen about dancing."

A waitress in a cafe in the pier

THEY MET at a dance on the pier... then began the fortnight's whirlwind courtship that led up to wedding bells.

pavilion who saw the romance blossom from its inception, and who lives opposite Jean, said:

"It was quite clear that it was love at first sight, for from the time



QUEEN ELIZABETH leaving the church after a recent wedding in the Bowes-Lyon family. Captain Drummond-Scott is a son of the Queen's cousin, former Ernestine Bowes-Lyon.

they met they had every dance together, and were constantly in here during the fortnight, obviously engrossed in each other.

"Jean's family is well known in the town, for they all grew up and were married here. Her sister, Maggie, married Tom Laird, who is a gardener."

"Annie married Robert Macpherson, who worked in the bakery, and he got Jean her first job, which was in the bakehouse. He's now in the R.A.F., and Maggie has gone back to live at home."

"Jennie is Mrs. McConnell. The youngest sister Helen still works in the laundry."

"Young Johnnie, the only brother, is 15, and is doing forestry work on Lord Glasgow's estates."

Once the couple were married, Jean's family withdrew all opposition. In her mother's words, "Captain Scott is really so charming, so natural, and made himself so much one of the family that we couldn't long hold out against him."

"Both Jean's father and I felt it was wrong for a girl to marry out of her station, but what can we do when young people are in love? And he is certainly a bonnie boy."

Jean's father, who is a building worker, fought in the last war and won a military medal for displaying great courage and initiative in saving an ammunition wagon from right under the Germans' noses.



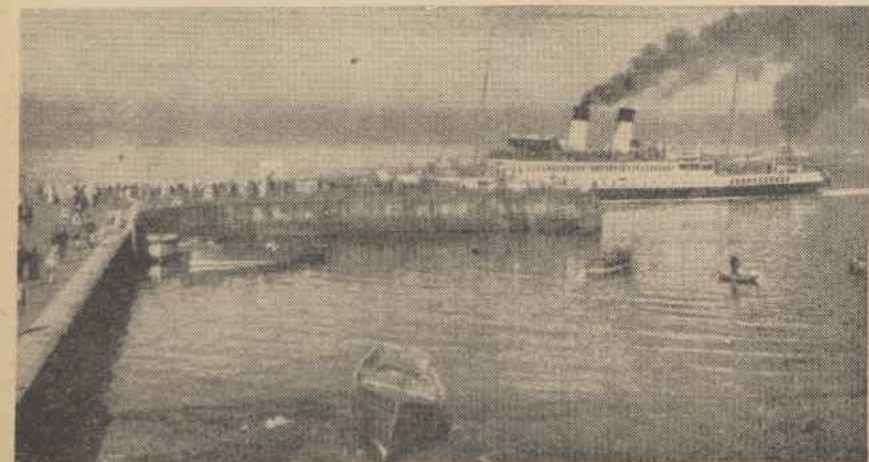
She chews healthful, delicious WRIGLEY'S daily to soothe her nerves and keep her mind on what she is doing. Washing day, kiddies' tantrums, unexpected guests—nothing unnerves her. Chewing WRIGLEY'S is Nature's way to strong, bright, healthy teeth. It removes the tiny food particles that lodge between the teeth, thus impeding decay. Besides, chewing WRIGLEY'S regularly is a splendid aid to your attractiveness.

It tautens and strengthens the muscles of your face, and helps your cheeks and chin to regain their natural contour. Three delicious flavours—P.K. (pure natural peppermint), Spearmint (essence of fresh garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (deliciously different). Buy several packets to-day and always have a supply handy for the kiddies.

## WRIGLEY'S

Three Delicious Flavours for Your Choice. As Australian Product, On Sale Everywhere.

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PIER PAVILION at the little Scottish town of Largs, where the Queen's second cousin, Captain Patrick Drummond-Scott, met the pretty little ironer from the local laundry, who is now his bride.



# THEY BORROW FROM THE GREEK . . .

## London dress designers copy skirted battle dress

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

With the Greeks putting up such a splendid fight against the Italians it is not surprising that London dress designers have caught the inspiration of their skirted battle-dress in the new offerings.

**T**HIS week's mid-season collections are brighter and more colorful than their autumn showings.

Worth has cleverly introduced the Greek influence with a dress featuring a full skirt with new flared box pleats. Since town suits have been replaced with uniforms for most women, afternoon frocks for the short hours of leisure are featured.

Glamorous clothes for luncheon hours have replaced in all collections the evening and dinner dresses of pre-war days since social life now mainly revolves around lunch.

Dresses for these occasions have taken on a sparkle by means of embroidery.

All the famous houses, Worth, Hartnell, Molyneux, are turning jewellers in giving London embroidered necklaces and bracelets instead of precious ornaments now in safe deposits.

Molyneux, recalling the jewelled settings of bygone days, trimmed

an exquisite black wool frock on neckline and wrist with silver, emerald, and pearl embroidery.

The blue-and-white colors of the Greek flag provide a happy opportunity combination for relieving black dinner dresses, and Greek key patterns are worked in gold thread on tailored jumper suits.

Of all the millions of Britons following with breathless attention the achievement of the gallant Greeks, none is more interested than Princess Elizabeth.

She is just reaching the stage in classical Greek where she can compare the modern feats of the Evzones with those of ancient Greece, and trace the determination to be free, which the first Republic transmitted to its descendants.

### A great lady

**T**HE first Great Lady of Coventry rode a white horse to save her townpeople.

Her tradition of courage has been handed down to the city's women who work amid the ruins of the city to save civilian life.

To-day Coventry's first Great Lady wears gum boots as she helps the stricken city back to normal. She is town councillor Mrs. Pearl Hyde, chief of Coventry's Women's Volunteer Service.

For a year before "the night" when German bombs rained down at the rate of one every two minutes, Mrs. Hyde organised womenpower, and for the first three nights after the blitzkrieg she was responsible for serving 50,000 meals.

First there were sandwiches and other cold food till Mrs. Hyde, in blue riding breeches, scarlet sweater and gumboots, got the field kitchens working producing 6000 hot meals daily.

Coventry's population used their knees for tables and piles of fallen masonry for chairs.

Once her enormous family was fed Mrs. Hyde turned attention to clothing just as many people as she had fed.

Marjory Apperly, 24, is typical of English girls who have donned the navy-blue overalls of industry in response to the Labor Ministry's appeal for a million women.

I saw her at a bench in an aircraft factory while overhead the drone of enemy planes and the wall of sirens almost stifled the noise of turning lathes.

Marjory lived a life of ease and luxury in the South of France before that country's collapse.

With her dark curly hair tied up in a scarf she told me she intended to go to Australia to stay with a friend, Edith Norris, of Manly, Sydney.

But when the opportunity arose to do a job of hard work she cancelled her passage. She took an engineering course and is now working twelve hours a day at an aircraft factory.

I looked at her hands. They were a little rough, but nightly massage and care, she said, soon restored their softness.

Veronica Romer, granddaughter of Lord Romer and daughter of a K.C., when at school looked forward to making her curtsy at Buckingham



PRINCESS ELIZABETH is studying Greek—follows war intensely.

Palace as one of the debutantes of 1940.

Instead, she spends her days clad in oil-smeared dungarees. She is apprenticed to a motor works, helping to turn out army trucks.

These two girls are typical of thousands of young girls of all classes who are responding to Mr. Bevin's call.

Despite repeated offers of a commission in the W.A.A.F.S. Mollie Wolf, of Adelaide, is still an aircraftwoman because she wants to remain a transport driver.

### Drove Hannah, V.C.

**S**HE has never regretted the decision, for as an R.A.F. driver she has chauffeured nearly every important officer in the Air Force as well as most of its heroes.

She has driven 30,000 miles for the R.A.F., and her list of passengers conjures up all the deeds of derring-do associated with the Air Force.

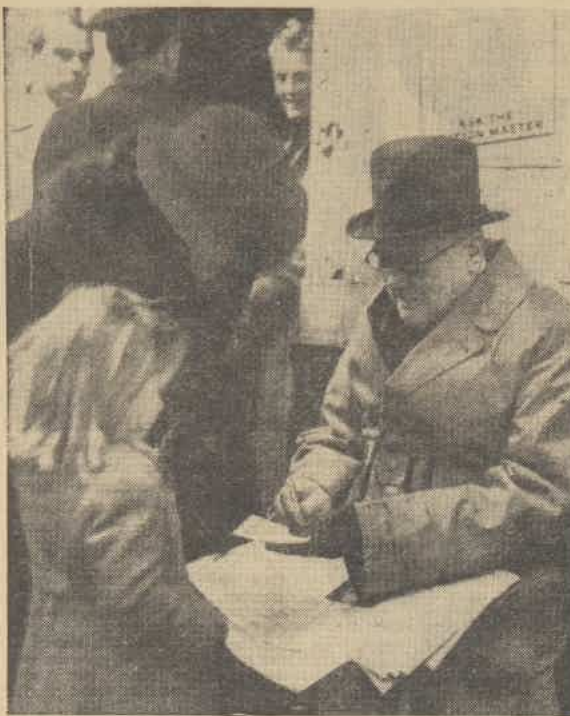
When Sergt. Hannah got his V.C., it was Mollie who was waiting at dawn at a London railway station to collect him. She helped the Scot fight off his crowd of admirers.

Later she drove him to Buckingham Palace to receive his decoration from the King.

She also drove Corporal Nicholls, V.C., when he left hospital to go north to see his wife and new-born son.

Another time she picked up a man on a south coast quayside who was dressed in a queer mixture of Continental morning dress topped with a peasant's cap.

She drove him back to his squadron, for he was an R.A.F. pilot who had bailed out over occupied territory, and then escaped in disguise.



MR. CHURCHILL signs an autograph for a small admirer on a visit to bombed districts in the London area.

# Swim WITHOUT EMBARRASSMENT

**THE LUSTRE OF Lip-Glo DEFIES EVERY ELEMENT . . .**

Here's news . . . wonderful, thrilling news for every out-of-door girl! At last comes a lip colour to defy hot winds and salt spray . . . to stay seductively brilliant yet keeps lips soft and satin-smooth through every mood of the long summer day. Liquid LIP-GLO enlivens lips with a glorious red that leaves no stains on teacups, pillows or clothes . . . no lip-prints anywhere! Obtainable at your favourite store, chemist, or beauty salon, or from Philip Dare Cosmetics, Box 442D, G.P.O., ADELAIDE.

IN SIX EXOTIC TINTS . . . ENGLISH TINT, LIGHT, TROPIC, PARISIAN, MEDIUM AND REGAL

- ★ SMEARLESS
- ★ FADELESS
- ★ GREASELESS

(1) Apply LIP-GLO with applicator supplied, and shape lips as desired.

(2) Touch up the edges with handkerchief while LIP-GLO is still wet.

(3) A few seconds to dry, and nothing can mar the brilliancy of the tint!

**LIQUID lip-glo**

LEAVES NO LIP PRINTS!

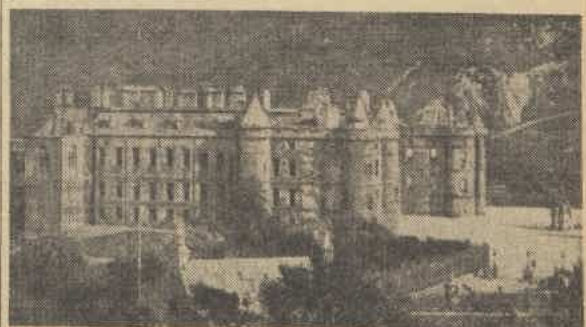
ONLY **3/6** A BOTTLE

Call for a Demonstration at

**MYER EMPORIUM** . Melbourne and Adelaide

**DAVID JONES'** . . . . . Sydney

**FINNEY'S** . . . . . Brisbane



HOLYROOD PALACE, EDINBURGH, bombed by Nazi planes.



# NORTH OF TERSCHELLING

**Agonised suspense—desperate resolve—and twenty fathoms deep a submarine lay grappling for its very life.**

**T**HE Searover was at Harwich when I reported aboard. I was glad to find her there.

Since they had started evacuating the expeditionary force from Dunkirk it had become difficult to predict the movements of naval vessels. The Searover was to be my first permanent billet.

I had given up a comfortable post in the merchant marine and undergone several months of strenuous training to become navigator of such a packet.

Lt.-Commander Richard Gilbert was the Searover's commanding officer. I found him aboard, and the business of formally reporting for duty and logging in didn't take long. In fact, my welcome aboard was so terse that I was taken aback.

"We will be under way just as soon as we finish fuelling," he informed me. "If you had taken any longer getting down here from London I would have had to leave you on the beach."

I thought this was a little unfair. Gilbert himself hadn't known the night before that he would be at Harwich in the morning, nor had I known that I would be assigned as navigator in the Searover.

"Get your gear stowed as quickly as you can," he continued. "If you are going to be any use as navigator on this trip I'll have to show you over the bridge and the control room before we leave."

We left Harwich in the early afternoon. As we passed Felixstowe Point I could see that a direct bomb hit had demolished the seaplane sheds at the air station. The air force was valiantly contesting the control of the air over the narrow seas, but there was no sure defence against night-bombing raids. Every port at which refugees could be landed had suffered.

I had seen some of the refugees arriving at London from Dover, Ramsgate and Sheerness, through which the main tide of the evacuation flowed. It was a sight to sharpen a man's hardened resolution to the keen edge of desperation. Gilbert told me that a few had arrived at Harwich, but he also explained gruffly that the people of the Searover had seen very little of them.

"Too busy with our own affairs to borrow trouble from others," he explained.

**F**OR the time being there were no planes in sight. We were all glad of that. Until the Searover could reach deep water, into which she could dive, we had little defence against air attack.

As we rounded Sunk Light Vessel we passed a destroyer headed in. Her decks were crowded with refugees. Behind her steamed a Hook of Holland packet loaded to the gunwales with men.

"A few hundred more who will be glad to be in England to-night," I remarked to the captain as I watched them pass.

"They seem to have had a rough crossing," he replied, "but they ought to make it now. The air force must be holding its own over the strait for a change."

It was about the first attempt I had heard him make at anything like general conversation. Perhaps I could draw him out of his crusty shell.

"Can you imagine what a raid in force would do, if they are coming across in scattered contingents like that?" I reflected.

"The battleships and cruisers can take care of any surface ships," the captain replied. "I doubt that the Jerries intend to risk their necks in a raid of any size. The tough part



Illustrated by WEP

of our job is going to be to keep the submarines out of it."

After that the conversation died completely. We passed the lightship and headed northward, skirting the coastal minefields. To the southward was where all the action was taking place.

It was difficult to reconcile our northward course with that. I knew that a submarine would be of little use in the shallow waters off the Flanders coast, and the presence of our own submarines in the strait would only complicate matters for the surface ships. But somehow, to put the main fight astern of us seemed like desertion.

When we were safely on our new course, the captain turned the bridge over to a junior officer. I went below with him to the control room to study the operation charts. For the first time I commenced to get a complete picture of the task that lay before us.

"The Second Battle Squadron is at sea, cruising south of Brown Ridges," Captain Gilbert informed me. "They have a scouting line of light cruisers out, but they probably haven't much of an antisubmarine screen. Every destroyer the Admiralty can lay its hands on will be busy enough elsewhere. All our surface ships will stay south of this line from Smith's Knoll to the Texel, and the submarines must stay out of that area."

I could appreciate the necessity for that. The heavy ships would be very touchy about submarines. To venture into their area was to risk destruction by ships that were no less dangerous because they were nominally friendly.

"There is a neutral zone five miles wide from Smith's Knoll straight across to the southern end of Texel and then northward to Terschelling. North of it the submarine-patrol areas are laid out."

"Where is our area, captain?"

"We have this area just north of Terschelling," he replied, pointing it

out on the chart. "It looks as though they have given us the hottest spot they could find. Anything coming down from Heligoland Bight will naturally cut right through it."

I could see that I was going to have my work cut out for me. There was a mined area to the eastward and our own area was a narrow lane skirting the minefields.

Directly to the westward was the operating area of another submarine. Every submarine, I knew, had orders to attack any vessel coming into her operating zone. They would strike first and identify the victim afterward.

"We will use the neutral zone going to our station," the captain continued. "If we get out of it into someone else's area it will be our own hard luck."

He didn't have to add that there probably would be no lights to guide us and that we wouldn't be permitted to use our wireless.

"That's going to call for some close navigating," I commented.

"Whatever it calls for you will have to produce," he replied sourly. The captain was in no mood to take account of difficulties. The Searover had a job of work to do, and Gilbert intended to see that it was done.

At first I had thought his irascibility might be directed toward me personally, but he was snappish

with everyone. What greatly surprised me was the good grace with which everyone on the Searover put up with his growls. Ordinarily, an ill-tempered skipper can be pretty sure of a sullen crew. The people of the Searover not only received their commanding officer's crusty remarks with equanimity, but quite often, I observed, they appeared secretly to enjoy his most cutting assests.

In the late summer twilight we headed eastward down the centre of the neutral zone. I took my departure on Smith's Knoll and set the course to allow for the currents we would encounter. Gilbert was

**Chaos broke loose at the sound of a mighty crash up forward.**

anxious to get into his area before dawn and there was going to be but little rest for me until we were safely on station.

Luck was with me that night. I managed to pick up Terschelling just before the morning mists rolled in. The lightship was dark and silent. I stayed on the bridge, hoping I might be able to catch a couple of morning-star sights. As dawn appeared, the weather commenced to get thicker, and by the time the sun rose we couldn't see more than a mile or two.

After I was certain there would be no star sights, I went below for breakfast and an hour or two of shut-eye after my all-night vigil. I had no sooner stretched out on my bunk than the diving alarm sounded. I bounded out of my bunk and into the control room, half expecting to find the Searover in the tense excitement of an attack.

The control room was about as peaceful a spot as I had found in a long time. The first flurry of opening the flood valves and vents and securing the main engines was over when I arrived. The diving officer was rubbing the sleep from his eyes and coaching the hydroplane men to take her down to the

ordered depth. The captain was standing by the periscope.

"Take her down to sixty feet," he growled at the diving officer as he snatched the periscope handles into their securing position and lowered the periscope.

"Too thick to see a thing topside," he explained to me in a manner that was almost affable. "We have to maintain a listening patrol."

At sixty feet we slowed down until the ship was barely under control. The listener, tucked away in one corner of the control room, bent attentively over his instruments, constantly sweeping the full bearing circle, listening for the beat of pro-

pellors. The submarine settled down to an easy routine.

Here at sixty feet we were much safer than we would be on the surface. There was no chance of being surprised and any vessel on the surface could steam right over us without doing us any harm. As long as the poor visibility continued, we would be able to hear farther than we could see. There was little likelihood that anything could get through our area undetected.

For the veteran crew of the Searover, submerged operation was no trick at all. For many of them it was a period of relaxation. The skipper decided that this was the best opportunity he was likely to have to get a little rest. He retired to his cabin, leaving the diving officer and me in control.

"Bring her up to periscope depth every hour or so, Orten," he told me, "and have a look around to see if the visibility improves."

I found that I had a hard time judging the visibility through the periscope. There were no marks to go by and the periscope itself cut out a portion of the precious light. It was nearly noon before I thought I detected any clearing. Then I called the skipper and asked him to have a look.

He agreed with me that the fog seemed to be a little thinner. I was commencing to be anxious about the ship's position. It was all right to correct for the known surface currents, but there was no way of knowing if their set and drift were the same here at sixty feet. After a prolonged submerged run at slow speeds the accumulated error might be a serious matter.

Captain Gilbert decided to come up and continue our patrol on the surface, as we felt our way in towards the lightship to re-establish our position. I went up with him, hoping that we would get an opportunity to make a cast or two with the deep-sea lead.

Please turn to page 30

## By ALEC HUDSON

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# BEHOLD, HERE'S POISON

Another instalment  
of our mystery  
serial by...

**GEORGETTE  
HEYER**

**D**ETECTIVE - SUPER-INTENDENT HANNA-SYDE, of Scotland Yard, finds himself faced with a welter of confusing evidence when he proceeds to investigate the murder of

GREGORY MATTHEWS, who has been poisoned by nicotine. More than one member of the household had grounds for desiring Matthews' death as, to the great distress of

MRS. ZOE MATTHEWS, his widowed sister-in-law, he threatened to send her son,

GUY, to Brazil, and forbade the engagement of

STELLA, her attractive young daughter, to

DR. DERYK FIELDING, because the doctor's father died in an inebriated home. Furthermore, all the family had cherished high expectations under Matthews' will, and though most of them were bitterly disappointed, Mrs. Matthews, only inheriting the house jointly with

MISS HARRIET MATTHEWS, her despised sister-in-law, while

MRS. GERTRUDE LUPTON, Gregory's domineering elder sister, received practically nothing.

RANDALL MATTHEWS, Gregory's cynical eldest nephew and one of the executors of the will, scored handsomely by inheriting practically everything. After spending a bewildering and unproductive morning interviewing the various members of the Matthews family, Superintendent Hannasyde goes with

GILES CARRINGTON, Gregory Matthews' lawyer, to examine his office.

Now read on.

**A** TAXI bore Superintendent Hannasyde and Mr. Carrington to a big block of flats in the city. During his lifetime Gregory Matthews had rented a single room on the fourth floor where he had apparently transacted his business.

It was a small apartment, containing a desk and a couple of leather chairs, a table with a typewriter on it, a large waste-paper basket, a filing cabinet, and a safe. It was very tidy, and smelt stuffy from having been shut up.

"No torn-up letters here, Hannasyde," Giles remarked. "One of these nice modern buildings where the charwoman lets herself in with a pass-key, and cleans the place each morning before you arrive." He sat down at the desk and began to inspect the keys on the ring he was holding. "What would you like first? Desk, safe, or cabinet?"

Hannasyde had picked up a diary from the table, and was looking through it. "I don't mind, Desk," he said absently. "Parker and Snell—they sound as though they might be his brokers. Apparently he had an appointment with them on the 14th May. Doesn't tell us much."

"Yes, they're his brokers," said Giles, fitting a key into the top drawer of the desk. "Here you are."

"Just a moment," Hannasyde was turning the leaves of the diary backwards. "Practically no engagements recorded. Share prices jotted down each day. Seems to have had a catholic taste in investments. . . . Monday 13th May: Lupton, 12.0 p.m." He lowered the book. "Lupton? That's the brother-in-law. I wonder what he wanted to see him about?"

"Was Lupton the despatched little man with the overpowering wife?" asked Giles.

"That's the fellow. Now why did Matthews make an appointment with him here when they lived in the same place? Might be useful to know that."

Giles regarded him in some amusement. "You have a fearful and a wonderful mind, Hannasyde. I can think of a dozen reasons."

"Oh, so can I, but you never know. Do you happen to know anything about a lady called Gladys Smith, living at 531 Fairleigh Court, Golders Green?"

"Never heard of her," answered Giles, picking up some papers from the drawer he had opened. "Has she got anything to do with the case, or are you going to tell me an anecdote?"

"Her name and address are written here on the 9th May, that's



"What were you doing in there?" Stella asked, her voice sharp with suspicion.

all. No time mentioned, so it may not necessarily have been an appointment."

"You seem to be catching at straws," remarked Giles, glancing curiously through the papers in his hand.

Hannasyde made a note of Mrs. Smith's address. "Not much else to catch at. Sometimes important, too—straws. What have you got there? Anything?"

"Nothing of interest," Giles said.

They went through the rest of the desk together, and turned next to the safe. Very little of importance was discovered there, but Hannasyde commandeered a bank book and a big ledger, and retired with them to the desk, and studied both for some time in silence.

Giles began to fill a pipe, and presently remarked: "I call this boring." Hannasyde grunted, "Anything in the bank book?" Inquired Giles.

"Not at first glance. Seems to have kept his records a bit casually. Doesn't always show what he sold in order to buy some of these blocks of shares." He sighed, and closed the book. "I shall have to go into it more thoroughly. Let's take a look at his filing cabinet."

This revealed nothing of any interest. They went quickly through the little that was contained in it, and Giles, yawning, remarked that he was glad he was not a member of the C.I.D.

"A lot of people would be sur-

prised if they knew how dull most of our work is," replied Hannasyde. "I want to take charge of the bank book, and the ledger, and that diary, Mr. Carrington. I don't think there's anything else here. We'll hope for better luck at his house. Could you meet me at the Poplars at ten o'clock to-morrow morning?"

"I'll motor you down there," said Giles. "I suppose you're now going to call on Gladys Smith?"

"Gladys Smith wants explaining," answered Hannasyde imperturbably. "Who is she, and why does she figure among Stock Exchange quotations and appointments?"

**I** DON'T know, but I'm sure you'll find out," said Giles cordially. "You'll probably find she's a typist who applied for a job with Matthews, but I admire your zeal."

"No sign that he ever employed a typist."

"That doesn't prove that he wasn't going to," retorted Giles.

"You're probably right," said Hannasyde placidly.

But on the following morning, when he got into Giles' car, he said: "My straws are beginning to make a rope, Mr. Carrington. She wasn't a typist in search of a job."

"What?" said Giles. "Oh, Gladys Smith! So you did go and see her! What was she like?"

Hannasyde struck a match, and began to light his pipe. "She's a

pretty little woman. Not very young, and distinctly common. What you might describe as a comfortable creature. Nice eyes, and a motherly smile." He paused, and added between puffs, "She'd never heard of Gregory Matthews."

Giles burst out laughing. "Oh, that's even better than I expected! My poor Hannasyde, what a blow for you!"

"I didn't take it like that," said Hannasyde, pressing the tobacco down into the bowl of his pipe with one square thumb. "I thought it the most interesting circumstance that has yet come to light. You're not doing yourself justice, Mr. Carrington. Don't you think it's a trifle odd that she should never have heard of a man who has her name and address written down in his diary?"

"Perhaps she knows him under an assumed name," suggested Giles lightly.

"Oh, no, she didn't even recognise his photograph," said Hannasyde. "No doubt about that."

"I admit it does seem a trifle queer," said Giles. "Not altogether helpful, though. Where does the rope you mention come in?"

"She took me into her drawing-room," said Hannasyde. "Cosy little room. Lots of cushions and knick-knacks. You know the style, I expect. There was a large portrait of a man bang in the middle of the mantelpiece. She told me it was her husband."

"Perhaps it was," said Giles charitably.

"I don't think so," replied Hannasyde in his unemotional way. "It was a photograph of Mr. Henry Lupton."

"Henry Lupton?" repeated Giles, a little blankly. "You don't mean the henpecked brother-in-law? How extremely funny!"

"May not be so funny," said Hannasyde. "I didn't get much out of Gladys Smith. She said her husband was a commercial traveller, and often away from home. Great air of respectability about the whole thing. Poor devil!"

"Who? Henry? Seems to have found consolation."

"Not much consolation if it comes to his wife's ears."

"Well, what's it all about? What have Lupton's peccadilloes to do with Matthews' death?"

"Perhaps nothing. But if you remember, Mr. Carrington, Gladys Smith figured in Matthews' diary on May 9. On the 13th he had an appointment to see Lupton. Doesn't that seem to you to hang together?"

Giles frowned. "Yes, it might, I suppose. Matthews found out about Gladys Smith and threatened Lupton with exposure if he didn't jettison her. Is that what you mean? Was he very fond of his sister?"

"He seems to have been fonder of her than of the rest of the family. And from what I've heard of him a ruthless piece of blackmail like that would have been just about his mark."

"He looked a bit of a brute," commented Giles. "I take it Lupton now steps into the role of chief suspect. I'm sorry about that: I had some news I hoped would please you."

"What's that?" Hannasyde asked. Giles smiled. "Oh, only your friend Randall. He rang me up last night to find out what you were up to—or so I gathered. Anyway, he's meeting us at the Poplars to-day."

"What for?" demanded Hannasyde.

Giles shrugged. "Well, he has every right to be present when you go through Matthews' papers. He's one of the executors, you know."

"Oh, I've no objection," Hannasyde said. "But I'd like to know why he wants to be there."

"You'd better ask him," replied Giles. "I didn't."

"Quite right," approved Hannasyde, and relapsed into meditative silence.

Randall's car was not to be seen when they arrived at the Poplars, but the first sound that met their ears when they were admitted into the house was that of Mrs. Lupton's voice. A man's hat lying on the table beside a pair of brown leather gloves seemed to indicate that her husband might also be present. Hannasyde looked at the hat without appearing to do so, and turned to greet Miss Harriet Matthews, who came out of the library towards him.

She was looking flustered, and annoyed, and spoke in an even more disjointed fashion than usual. "Oh, you've come!" she said. "Well, I'm sure it's nothing to do with me—oh, how do you do, Mr. Carrington? I didn't see you!—but I must say I can't see what poor Gregory's private papers have to do with the police, and I consider it most officious—not that anyone pays the least heed to what I say."

"You needn't think you're going to find anything, because I know perfectly well there's nothing to find, and if there did happen to be any letters about the Brazilian business it proves nothing at all, whatever my sister may have told you to the contrary, as I've no doubt she did!"

Please turn to page 14



# WHAT MONEY CANNOT BUY

• Another glimpse behind the closed doors of "Other People's Homes". . . telling you all about the Walters' at No. 8.

**L**IGHT always shone from the windows of Number 8 when the lights were on, whether the curtains were drawn or not. There were so many holes in them. The Walters family were dreadfully hard up. They hadn't anything at all, poor things.

Peter Walters was the youngest son of a good old family noted for the size of their cellar and the number of their offspring.

Peter's family had once been rich and powerful, but now it was in a state of hilarious collapse, mortgaged to the hilt, the cellar dry.

Because of an ill-founded impression that no Walters need ever work, but would find, in due course, a convenient raven to keep him from starvation, Peter was taught no profession or trade. Everything, said the Walters father and mother, would be sure to be quite all right. So they turned him out into an uninterested world with nothing but charming manners, and an Old School Tie.

When he was twenty-five, he thought he would be an inventor.

He married Dollie, the daughter of a master builder he once met in an hotel. When his family heard of it, they were astounded and could only paint a gloomy picture of his future. There had always been an ill-founded impression afoot that no Walters ever did such things. Peter's family cut him off.

He did not mind. Their parties were dreadful, anyway.

Dollie had three hundred and forty-two pounds a year of her own, and the nine hundred and ninety-nine years lease of Number 8 in the avenue. She was the best investment Peter ever made. She was the only investment any Walters ever made that did not slump, and added a bonus of devotion no words can measure or describe.

She thought there was no one in the world so handsome, or clever, or brave, as Peter.

The general idea when they married was that Peter would augment their income with his earnings. It was a beautiful idea that never left the realms of fancy.

She was a genius at managing. They lived like princes on her three hundred and forty-two pounds p.a. until the children began to arrive with such alarming regularity. Dollie swathed a new one in a shawl practically every eighteen months and laid it in a cradle still warm from the last.

When it was coming, they both said how terrible it was, but as soon as they saw it they were mutually agreed that this was one they could not possibly have done without. That was the great thing about them. They were mutually agreed on practically everything.

"This really is the last," said Dollie, when she fitted Anthony in the cradle. (Anthony, said Peter, because there ain't any more!)

That beautiful idea also remained, unfortunately, in the realms of fancy. Peter was frightfully upset and apologetic when Dollie broke the news to him, but she only laughed and whispered to him, comfortingly:

"You're so nice you ought to have lots. Otherwise think of all the poor little girls now being born who can never hope to be as happy as I am."

Peter kissed her and went away with tears in his eyes. Tears of gratitude to Fate, who had given him so much, even if niggardly with spare cash. He invented, that autumn, a patent coke shovel. It looked as if it really might come to something. A manufacturer was interested in it. But, as usual, Peter had no luck. A wave of in-

Illustrated  
by  
WYNNE W.  
DAVIES

dustrial depression made the manufacturer cut down instead of spreading out.

"Bring it back to me when this slump is over. I'd like to see it again," said the manufacturer. Peter was too disheartened to pay any attention. He went home and threw the thing into a drawer, where it lay for months forgotten.

And, to make matters worse, that night Dollie became the mother of twins.

The shovel having turned out a flop, they had no money to meet this fresh calamity, and one of the twins had to sleep in a bottom drawer. There were now seven of them, all boys: Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Anthony, the ill-named, and now the twins William and Henry (known as Bluff Hal).

The house was terribly shabby. Everything that could be sold had gone long ago. There were vacant places where furniture had been taken away that made the room look, said Peter, as if it was yawning. So Dollie filled them in with cleverly contrived pieces made out of packing cases and artfully painted. And Peter said that one day they would be more valuable than Chippendale, and they both collapsed with helpless laughter on the one reliable piece—the settee.

They stuck to the settee through thick and thin. It is such a useful possession. In an emergency so many children can sleep on it.

There was never much time for cleaning. Sometimes Dollie whisked round with a broom and a duster. Or the boys did a bit in their odd moments, but it did not matter.

Peter was just as untidy and haphazard as Dollie, and they were

ecstatically happy together. She was convinced he was a genius, given to her to shield and care for. When the world buffeted him, and manufacturers dismissed his inventions with a wave of plebeian hand, Peter knew of two white arms waiting for him, and a tender heart, and two bright eyes.

"Never mind. What does it matter as long as we are together," whispered Dollie.

And what did it?

Sometimes, when Peter looked at the crowd of faces that had gathered about his table, he could hardly believe it. However Dollie managed to feed them all was an utter miracle. When he went round bidding his family good night, Peter often felt as if he kept a prep school. Until he fell over a twin

in a drawer. Bluff Hal, thumb in mouth. When he wasn't eating, he had to pretend he was eating. He was that sort of a child.

"Darling," Peter said to Dollie, after one of those tours, "we simply mustn't have any more. It's the most frightful extravagance. We simply can't afford it."

"Oh, we won't!" said Dollie. "Stand still while I cut the rags off your coat, darling. They are hanging down behind again."

She cut them off, but not very well. She was in a hurry. She kissed him and tilted his hat to a rakish angle.

"Oh, Peter, how beautiful you are!"

"Fathead!" said Peter, tenderly, pretending he did not believe her.

"Never mind the weather.  
We've had a lovely time,"  
said Dollie cheerily.

"Now, don't let the children plague you to death."

The Walters children, to tell the truth, were not much trouble. They were accustomed to fend for themselves. They had banded themselves into a gang, in which the elder came to the aid of the rest at a given signal, three blasts on a Scout whistle. Bunched together under Matthew, who was large and husky, the Walters band proved a formidable foe. The local toughs left them alone.

Matthew sang like an angel. All the others had quite good voices, and sometimes Dollie had to stop and listen to her family singing rounds at the bottom of the garden, it was so pretty.

Peter had almost wept when Dollie decided to send them all to the Council School.

"No Walters has ever . . ." he began, but Dollie cut him short.

"I know, darling. I know. But we simply can't afford nonsense of that sort."

It cut her off from her neighbors, as she knew it would. She did not care. She hadn't the time or the clothes for them, anyway. But sometimes she looked out of the window at the Paterson child, going by so neat and well groomed with her governess, and laughed softly.

"You'll be glad enough to marry Matthew, or Mark, or Luke, or any one of them when they've grown up into famous men," said Dollie—as it happens with entire truth. Never for a moment did she doubt they

would do well, those lovely boys of hers. How could they help it, with a man like Peter for a father?

She hated being poor and owing people money, but it could not be helped, and one day they would pay it all off. She hated, above all, owing Dr. Barlow money, for he wasn't rich himself, and he was such a pet. But if you have babies, you must have a doctor, and there it is!

Dollie kept a note-book in which she wrote down everything they owed, and all the things they all needed, so that if ever she had a windfall she would know just what to do. And quite suddenly, one November, she got the surprise of her life.

Some of her shares paid a cash bonus. She found herself staring at a cheque delivered by the mid-day postman. Three pounds six and fourpence.

She felt quite faint. After that she sent Matthew out for sausages. Really enough sausages, for once. Sent him with cash to pay for them, to the grocer in the main road.

She could hardly wait until Peter returned that night.

Peter had just finished inventing a very clever gadget to fix to domestic plumbing. What it was meant to do Dollie could never make out.

"But then," she said, "I am not at all clever."

Peter came off the 6.18 sunk in gloom. When he demonstrated his gadget his listeners had laughed. Just laughed! And Peter, who had been planning presents he would buy for everyone for Christmas with the money he was going to get for it, was nearer tears than he cared to be, in public.

So he came home, heavily sunk in gloom. Dollie opened the door and flung herself into his arms. He was not surprised when she burst into tears.

"Tell me, darling," he said, huskily. "Tell me . . ."

"It's GOOD news, Peter," she sobbed.

It took quite a time for that to sink in. He wasn't used to good news. They sat late, feeling the notes and listening to the cash chink. It was so long since they had seen real money in any bulk at all. Unmarked money, not bound for any inescapable destination.

What a tea they had! The boys came in sopping wet from playing in a fall of early snow, but it did not matter. Wet never hurt a Walters yet. Bluff Hal was sick, later.

"I suppose he IS young for sausages," said Dollie, doubtfully. "But never mind. I wonder if Willy . . ."

No, Willy was quite all right. Willy knew when to stop.

Peter and Dollie sat late that night, trying to decide where to spend their unexpected windfall. With rumpled hair and bright eyes, the day's disappointment forgotten, Peter looked hardly any older than Matthew, his son. He sat with his arm about Dollie's waist, his cheek against her shoulder, pro-ing and con-ing.

They wanted so many things, it was impossible to decide where to start. You cannot give boots to one boy, when seven need them. "That starts Class Feeling," said Peter. "As long as seven pairs of boots are worn out, no one cares. But one good pair among six old ones, and tribal wars begin at once."

There wasn't enough to buy Peter an overcoat.

"I hate shoddy clothes," said Peter, grandly. "I'd rather have none."

Please turn to page 40





# FAMILY GROUP

**He had ridden on the crest of a wave of adulation. But a quiet, lovely girl made him strangely shy and humble.**

**By BROOKE HANLON**

**K**ENNETH was whistling softly. There was something surprisingly warming about coming home, after all.

"Bless their hearts," he thought indulgently. His mother. His sisters, Nan and Molly. "Hullo!" he began shouting. "Hullo, there!"

The door opened and Nan appeared, hushing him, kissing his cold cheek.

"You'll wake the children," she cautioned.

The family was having hot punch—their usual Christmas Eve custom—in the shabby dining-room and a chorus of welcome broke out. It brought the boy of yesterday nearer and he stood for a moment in the doorway, attractive and slim.

Molly next. Molly gave him a long look, and she withdrew a little from his kiss. She was smiling, but her smile was odd, and as he pushed her back a little to look at her his own smile faded.

"Molly—" Nan said guardedly. His mother looked bewildered, but her bewilderment was drowned in happiness as she reached up for her son's kiss. The girls' husbands were gripping his hand; his mother hung on to his arm.

The old-fashioned lights were dim and they softened the familiar picture. Family Group. A little dingy in this light, as Kenneth looked at it. "Good heavens! that suit of Harry's . . . The girls look tired and rather shabby . . . But he pushed such thoughts away. This wasn't, after all, his usual sophisticated crowd. They were Nan and Molly, his sisters. And—now he was looking down at the last member of the party.

"But you know Faith, don't you?" Nan's clear voice broke into his confusion. "Oh, I am sorry. My brother Kenneth, Faith Merrill."

Faith. He went on staring, having murmured something, having released her hand. He found himself staring, and looked away.

They dipped punch for him out of the battered silver bowl and into

a glass. His mother clung to his arm and was quiet, searching his face, but the chatter of the others covered his own quietness.

Who was she, this Merrill girl? "And when eleven o'clock arrived and you still hadn't come," his mother was saying, "I was afraid . . ."

"Come, come." He drew her close. "You know quite well I always do come."

Molly was on the other side of him. "On the heels of my S O S telephone call." It was a murmur that her mother couldn't hear. Kenneth gave Molly a puzzled glance. It was true Molly had telephoned him yesterday. "Mother's expecting you," she had reminded him. "Kenneth, please—"

"It's Christmas Eve," Nan said. "A toast to Mother!" Her voice rose gaily.

Kenneth was still looking at Molly. He looked from her to his mother, and his arm tightened a little about the frail shoulders. Had her face had that waxen look last year? But wait—surely he'd been home more than once in a year? Oh, yes, he remembered now, in July, for her birthday. He came down twice a year, but it was only a three-hour run in the car.

He began to feel a little uncomfortable as he remembered that he had arranged to leave immediately after dinner to-morrow. There was Joanna's party.

A careful interval had passed and he could look at Faith again now, his eyes lingering a little this time. She was the one who was making Molly and Nan look a little faded, of course. Her poise was so easy and careless, her black frock so simply cut. He liked the suggestion of breadth and pliancy in her shoulders. If a girl were just tall enough to carry that off—

He turned slowly back to his mother.

"I want you to come home this summer and stay for a whole month, Kenneth." His mother's voice was wistful.

Bill, Nan's young doctor husband, was staggering through the doorway with the last of Kenneth's Christmas parcels now. Kenneth was beginning to wish that his perfect secretary had seen fit to choose things that were a little less bulky. Seen through a stranger's eyes—the Merrill girl's eyes—it might look a little too much like a display. But she was talking in a low tone to Harry and hadn't seen.

Kenneth found himself talking to them all, but he was listening, too. It was odd to have had to come all the way down here to find out what it was he was most tired of in Joanna. It was her voice, of course. Faith's voice was showing him that. He was sensitive to voices.

"Faith is going to sing some carols for us," his mother said.

He stood leaning against the doorway between the hall and dining-room. Nan played softly and Faith sang, and he leaned there, not quite in the room and not out of it, unconscious of how perfectly that suited his attitude towards the family these days.

Here was the real Christmas. He had been looking for it half cynically all day and had not found it. It was here, in the worn and firelit room, called up by a girl he didn't even know. The family were just so many shadows in the firelight, caught in the same spell. The girl might have been a shadow, too, if it hadn't been for her voice, alive and shining, holding them.

They were quiet then, the music finished, the voice of Christmas a soft echo lingering in the room.

Kenneth stirred and the huge radio-gramophone which had been his gift—his secretary's choice—to his mother seemed to gleam too obtrusively in its corner of the hall. He hoped in sudden panic that no one would suggest playing it now. No one did.

**W**HAT'S wrong, Nan?" He drew his younger sister upstairs and into his bedroom. "You all seem so strange—what is the matter? And who is that girl?"

"She's Faith Merrill, and nothing is particularly wrong, darling."

Kenneth had not felt so excited for years, not about anything but his work, that is. He walked up and down and lit a cigarette.

"You know what I mean, Nan." He wasn't conscious of her, really, except that he knew she wanted to get away. "Who is she? I never saw anyone so completely natural"—his voice changed—"or heard a voice like hers."

"She's—just Faith Merrill." Nan repeated it obstinately, and he looked at her in sudden surprise. Her face was expressionless. "Faith was at school with me." Even her voice was reserved. "She's not your type, Kenneth."

"And what is my type?" He wanted to shake her.

"Joanna is your type. I do sometimes see the weekly picture papers."

"What is the matter with you, Nan?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. I'm just tired." Words escaped her in a rush. "It was good of you to come, Kenneth—for mother's sake. We always think you'll fail, Molly and I. And then you arrive at the last minute." Nan pushed her tawny hair back in a rather confused way, and the gesture left her young face bare and somehow pitiful. "I must go. Happy dreams, darling. Merry—merry Christmas."

Her face was still half-averted. She was gone.

He sat down slowly and crushed out his cigarette. Nan must have been very tired. Never within memory had one of his sisters looked at him like that.

He felt hurt and confused. He was thirty-two and he'd ridden on the crest of a wave of adulation in London for a number of years. But a chorus of appreciation had always been waiting for him here at home. Nan had disappointed him to-night. Molly, too. He sat very still, and a bleak and lonely feeling settled over him.

Christmas Day.

Faith in a soft, wine-colored jumper and skirt in the morning. The wine color was warm and rich against his mother's faded old chair; it showed Faith in silhouette against the white mantelpiece.

He was reduced to moving restlessly about the house. Silly boyish impulses came to him and he had to stifle them determinedly. He couldn't hang round Faith openly, and that was what he wanted to do. Good heavens, he'd suddenly gone shy!

He could watch her, caught in an argument with Harry, and not hearing much of what he was saying. It was when Faith went out of the room that he had time to listen to Harry and look at him. Why was Molly's husband looking so tired and drawn? He wondered suddenly. Why were his mother and sisters stirring about in such a fever of activity, moving in and out of the kitchen?

"It's the dinner," Molly enlightened him. "Life must go on, you know, Kenneth."

"But where are Mrs. Brown and the girl who used to help her?"

"Mrs. Brown hasn't been here for a long time," Molly said, giving him a level look.

He colored slightly. Then he followed Molly slowly into the kitchen and perched for a while on a high stool, watching. "Can't I do something?" he suggested hopefully once. He was waiting—waiting for Molly or Nan to break out into the old familiar jokes, and he was hungry for them, suddenly. He cast about for some way of tapping their old vein of intimacy, but nothing came, and the girls didn't help. His charm, which so many people acknowledged, couldn't reach them.

He was troubled and went out of the kitchen. Faith was reading a story to Babs and one of Nan's boys, and Kenneth approached the little group on the dining-room window-seat slowly. He sat down and pulled Babs against him, and listened, too. Molly's little girl was his favorite of all the children, but, of course, that was because he knew her better than the others. The truth was he'd been at home more when she was smaller. The others were to him more or less names in his secretary's notebook.

When the story ended, Nan's three-year-old was fast asleep, his head against Faith's shoulder. She looked at him over the child's head, and her smile started in her eyes and passed slowly to her lips. She got up then to take the children upstairs. He sat on, desolate for a moment, his fingers turning in Babs' curls.

"It was a nice story." The child's eyes were still dazzled.

"It was beautiful."

Please turn to page 28

*"Do you hate me, Molly?" Kenneth asked quietly.*

Illustrated by NOEL COOK





## SHAWLS... and Jackets



• Delicate pink taffeta spotted with blue for a full-skirted frock worn with a quaint, Old-World shawl in a twin spot. (Above.)

• A svelte frock of white crepe dramatically topped with a bolero in purple angora, accented with white lapels and fringe. (Right.)

• Enchanting touch for a white frock is this interesting jacket in green velvet with pouch pockets suspended from the waist. (Top centre.)

• The hooded wrap is still the current love of debutantes. This hectically-striped model is made of heavy crepe on lumber-jacket lines.

• For formal evenings—the elegance of brocaded lame, with a graceful shawl featuring a deep ruffle round two sides. (Above right.)



*Day in the life of a deb.*

● For an early morning frolic on the beach, cool, pocketed overall-shorts of denim striped in blue, white, and rust. With them white leather sandals.

● Then luncheon in town—and she wears a simple frock of chalk-white crepe, printed all over with bright red flowers, massing at the bottom to form a border. Notice the saucy red hat and stitched belt.

● After a busy day our bright young thing dashes home to entertain friends at an informal buffet tea. For this she dons a black moss crepe lounge-suit appliqued in black-and-white felt in peasant design.

● And finally out dancing in a pink-spotted swiss muslin with a shirred band edging the hemline and worn over a matching pink taffeta slip.



# BITS and PIECES...

Sent from London

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• (1) Pillbox caps have returned to favor. The new vintage must be in some vivid color, and trimmed with two shiny, flat feather quills in a contrasting shade just stuck in nonchalantly anywhere.

• (2) Strips of silver leather latticed into a Juliet cap is a very popular form of evening headwear. When such a cap is worn with a floor-length dinner dress, a necessary part of the ensemble is a silver leather latticed bolero to match. These boleros are very short, more like yokes, with elbow sleeves.

• (3) "Gold" chain about finger width and knotted at intervals is the trimming of the moment for black hats, and matched up with a "gold" chain round the neck and single link for earrings.

• (4) With most of Mayfair's jewels in bank vaults, costume jewellery is popular. Tiny water-colors in gilt frames as brooches, while small china plaques strung on black velvet ribbon are very much in demand as pendants.

• (5) Ivory water-lilies, some almost their natural size, are being used as hair and lapel clips.

• (6) Bead embroidery that is a replica of hand-made white lace is a new accent for dark colored frocks. In dull white beads it appears as collar and cuffs, as wide bands of insertion on bodice and skirt, as epaulets and as inch-wide outline of an imaginary bolero.

• (7) Embroidered name, address, and telephone number in one's own handwriting is the latest yoke decoration for brush-wool jumpers. The name and address written in uneven lines like a letter address, while the telephone number is done in larger lettering.



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**PICKED** men of the Greek Army are these dancing Evzones, Royal Lifeguards of King George of Greece, magnificent specimens of a race counted among the most handsome in the world. They have long been famed for their dancing, but it is their fighting the world admires just now. Their measure, a dance for men only, is a traditional one,

like the astonishing ceremonial costume of red velvet jacket trimmed with silver lace and buttons over a white satin shirt and white skirt or fustanella. Greece has always known that these men were picked for courage, and now the world knows it, too, for the Evzones have led the fiercest fighting in the magnificent defeat of the Italian invasion.



## MRS. LUPTON

came out of the library in the middle of this speech, followed by her husband, and said, with her customary air of majesty: "Do not make yourself ridiculous, Harriet. Good-morning, gentlemen. I understand you wish to inspect my brother's papers?"

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Carrington!" cooed a voice from the stairs. Mrs. Matthews had made her appearance, and bestowed a gracious smile on Giles, and a more formal one on the Superintendent. "Such a lovely morning, isn't it? Dear Gertrude! What a surprise! And Henry, too!"

Miss Matthews eyed her with smouldering resentment. "Well, you're down very early, Zoe!" she said. "Quite remarkable."

"Perhaps it was not quite wise of me," agreed Mrs. Matthews. "But on a day like this one feels glad to be alive." Her smile was once more directed towards Giles. "I'm afraid they will tell you that I am rather a hopeless old crock, Mr. Carrington."

"If you mean me, Zoe," said Mrs. Lupton wistfully, "I should not tell Mr. Carrington anything of the sort. I do not propose to discuss you with him at all, but were I to do so I should not describe you as a hopeless crock, but as a malingering Mr. Carrington, I believe you are in charge of my brother's keys. Kindly come this way."

Mrs. Matthews gave a shudder. "All these sordid details! I suppose it has to be."

"Yes, I'm afraid it has," said Giles in his pleasant way.

"If anyone has a right to object it is I, and certainly not my sister-in-law!" snapped Miss Matthews. "Not that I do object. Why should I?"

At this moment Randall Matthews walked into the house. Apparently he was in time to overhear his aunt's remarks, for he said as though he had been taking part in the conversation: "No one has any right to object. Dear me, what can have brought my dear Aunt Gertrude here, I wonder?"

"You don't know what we were talking about!" said Miss Matthews angrily.

"No, but I feel sure my answer was the right one," replied Randall. His gaze returned to Mrs. Lupton. "You are not unexpected, my dear aunt, but believe me, superfluous."

"I shall not pretend to be ignorant of your meaning, Randall," announced Mrs. Lupton. "In your eyes I've no doubt I am superfluous, but I suppose I am concerned at least as much as you are with my brother's death. If light is shed by his private papers I expect to be told of it."

"If so singular a phenomenon

occurs the whole world shall be told of it," promised Randall. "Carrington, you have the key to Bluebeard's chamber. Do come and open it!"

A storm of protest broke out at this piece of flippancy. Without paying the least heed to it Randall conducted Giles and Hannasyde to his uncle's study, and waited unconcernedly while the key was fitted into the lock.

Giles turned the key and pushed open the door. They went into the study, a square room with a Turkey carpet and solid furniture. Randall strolled to the window, and opened it, and remained there, his hands in his pockets, and his shoulders propped against the wall. He evinced no interest in the discoveries made by Hannasyde, which were not, indeed, of an interesting nature.

There were some bills, many receipts. Several typewritten letters referring to Guy Matthews' future in Brazil, and one brief note from Henry Lupton, dated May 13, Giles, finding it, handed it to Hannasyde without comment.

It seemed to have been written in haste, and began abruptly: "Further to our conversation of even date, I must see you again before doing anything. I trust you have by this time thought better of it, and warn you you will have cause to regret it if you drive me to take desperate action."

Hannasyde read this through, and was about to fold it up when Randall moved away from the window, and came forward. "Ah, do you mind?" he murmured, and took the letter out of his hand.

"It is of no particular moment," Hannasyde said, a little shortly.

"I expect that was why you were interested," said Randall in his most dulcet voice. He read the letter, and gave it back. "Dramatic little man," he said.

"Do you know to what this letter refers, Mr. Matthews?"

"Do you?" smiled Randall.

"Yes, Mr. Matthews, I think I do."

"Then why ask me?" inquired Randall. He glanced down at the drawer Giles had pulled out. "How very disappointing! I'm afraid my uncle must have destroyed his more lurid correspondence."

The drawer held an untidy collection of oddments. Hannasyde turned over a packet of labels, disclosing a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles underneath, a scattering of paper-clips, and a tube of secotine. For the rest there was a quantity of stamp-paper, some sealing-wax, a pen-knife, a bottle of red ink, and a roll of adhesive tape. These articles the Superintendent turned out on to the desk, but there was nothing hidden under them.

## Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 6

Randall was looking at the heterogeneous collection, a slight frown between his eyes.

"The usual odds-and-ends drawer," said Giles, beginning to put the things back.

Randall's eyes lifted. "As you say," he agreed politely. "It is all very disheartening."

The remaining drawers were equally barren of interest. Giles had just closed the last of them when a gentle knock fell on the door, and Henry Lupton looked deprecatingly into the room.

"I hope I don't intrude," he said. "The fact is, my wife would like to know—We only looked in, you see, just to inquire how things were going, and time presses, you know. So if we are not needed—?" He left the end of the sentence unfinished, and looked from Hannasyde to Giles, and back again.

Hannasyde replied: "Will you come in, Mr. Lupton? As a matter of fact, there are one or two questions I want to ask you."

Henry Lupton, though he closed the door, did not advance farther into the room. He said hurriedly: "Oh, of course! I should be only too glad if there were anything I can answer, but really, you know, I'm as much in the dark as anyone. A most incomprehensible affair! I was only saying so to my wife last night. I was never so shocked in my life as when I heard of it."

Randall took out his cigarette-case. "Don't overdo it," he said, his smile remarkably like a sneer.

HANNASYDE turned his head. "I don't think I need keep you any longer, Mr. Matthews."

"I rather fancy that you may discover a need for me," returned Randall, flicking open his cigarette-lighter. "I may, of course, be wrong, but—no, I'm not wrong."

The door had opened again, this time without any preliminary warning, and Mrs. Lupton sailed into the room.

"May I ask what is going on in here?" she said in tones of considerable displeasure. "You are perfectly well aware that I have a busy morning before me, Henry. I must say I should have thought you had had time to have delivered my message twice over by now." She bent her magisterial frown on Hannasyde. "Unless my presence is required I am now leaving," she announced.

"Certainly," said Hannasyde. "I want, however, to have a few words with your husband, if you will excuse us for a minute or two."

"With my husband?" repeated Mrs. Lupton. "And pray what have you to say to my husband, Superintendent?"

Henry Lupton, who was looking rather sickly, said: "Well, you see, my dear, the Superintendent wants to have a word in private with me, if—if you don't mind."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Lupton. "I have always understood a husband and wife to be one person." She again addressed Hannasyde. "You may speak quite freely in front of me, Superintendent. My husband and I have no secrets from each other."

"It is not a question of secrets, Mrs. Lupton," replied Hannasyde. "It is merely that I prefer—"

"Henry!" said Mrs. Lupton, unheeding. "Will you kindly inform the Superintendent that you have no objection to my presence?"

"Well, my dear, naturally I—naturally I—"

"It is now obvious to us all that he has every objection," said Randall. "You know, you had very much better withdraw, my dear aunt. I feel sure that Uncle Henry's double life is going to be exposed. My own conviction is that he has been having a secret love affair for years."

Giles could not forbear casting a quick look from Randall's handsome, mocking face to Henry Lupton's grey one. The little man tried to laugh, but there was no mirth in his eyes. Superintendent Hannasyde remained immovable.

Mrs. Lupton flushed. "You forget yourself, Randall. I am not going to stand here and see my husband insulted by your ill-bred notions of what is funny."

"Oh, I wasn't insulting him," said Randall. "Why shouldn't he have a love affair? I am inclined to think that in his place—as your spouse, my dear Aunt Gertrude—I should have several."

Mrs. Lupton seemed to swell. "You will either apologise for your impertinence, Randall, or I leave this room. Never have I been spoken to in such a manner."

"Dear aunt!" said Randall, and kissed his fingers to her.

Mrs. Lupton swept round, and stalked from the room.

Randall inhaled a deep breath of tobacco smoke. "I said you might need me," he remarked, and lounged towards the door.

Henry Lupton said in a strangled voice: "Wait, Randall! What—what do you mean by this—this very questionable joke?"

Randall glanced contemptuously down at him. "My good uncle, I have got you out of one mess; get yourself out of this!" he said, and walked negligently out of the room.

Giles would have followed him, but Lupton, a tinge of color now in his cheeks, stopped him, saying: "Please don't go, Mr. Carrington! I—really, I should prefer you to remain! You are a legal man, and I—"

"I cannot undertake to advise you, Mr. Lupton," Giles said. "I am here merely as the late Mr. Matthews' solicitor."

"Quite, quite! But my position

"By all means stay," interposed Hannasyde. He laid his own letter before Henry Lupton. "Did you write this, Mr. Lupton?"

Lupton glanced unhappily at it. "Yes. That is—yes, I wrote it. We—my brother-in-law and I—had a slight disagreement over a—personal matter. Such things will happen in the best regulated families, you know. I thought it would be best if we met and talked it over. Without prejudice, you know."

"Did you meet him?" Hannasyde asked.

"No. Oh, no! You see, he died before there was really time."

"Did he answer your letter, Mr. Lupton?"

"Only by telephone. Just to let me know that he couldn't manage an appointment." He gave a nervous laugh. "I was very much annoyed at the time—well, my brother-in-law had a sort of manner that rather put one's back up, if you know what I mean."

Hannasyde said in his measured way: "Mr. Lupton, I want you to realise one thing. Except in so far as they may have a bearing on this case I am not concerned with your private affairs. Nor, I can assure you, have I any desire to make wanton trouble in your family circle. But when I went through the late Mr. Matthews' papers at his office, with Mr. Carrington here, I found the name and address of a lady calling herself Gladys Smith."

"YOU will understand that I had of course to follow this up. I called on Mrs. Smith at her flat yesterday, and what I saw and heard there were sufficient to convince me that you are—intimately acquainted with her."

Henry Lupton looked towards Giles for support, and getting none said in a blustering voice: "Well, and what if I am? I should like to know what bearing it can have on this case?"

"That is what I also want to know, Mr. Lupton," Hannasyde left a pause, but Henry Lupton said nothing, and after a minute he continued: "You had an appointment to see your brother-in-law on Monday, 13th May."

Lupton moved uneasily in his chair. "Yes, certainly I had. But this is—this is quite ridiculous! There is no reason why you should drag in Mrs. Smith's name."

"Are you going to tell me, Mr. Lupton, that your appointment with the late Mr. Matthews had no bearing on Mrs. Smith—whose name and address I found in his diary?"

It was evident that Henry Lupton hardly knew what to reply. He mumbled something about consulting his solicitor, seemed to think better of it, and chancing to catch sight of his own letter to Gregory Matthews said with a good deal of agitation: "I didn't poison him, if that's what you suspect! Yes, yes, I know very well what's in your mind, and I admit I was a fool to write that letter. That ought to convince you—for I never dreamed that anything like this would happen."

"I don't suspect anything," said Hannasyde calmly. "But it is obvious to me that at the time of his death you were on bad terms with Gregory Matthews; equally obvious that the existence of Mrs. Smith had something to do with that. I think Mr. Carrington, in the absence of your own solicitor, would advise you to be frank with me."

Giles said nothing, but Henry Lupton, dropping his head into his hands, groaned, and answered: "Of course I've no desire to obstruct the police. Naturally I—I appreciate your position, Superintendent, but my own is—extremely equivocal. My wife has no suspicion—I have my daughters to consider, and my whole object is to—"

"Please understand, Mr. Lupton, that I am not here to investigate public morals," said Hannasyde coldly. "I can only tell you in all honesty that your relations with Mrs. Smith are more likely to become known through a refusal on your part to be frank with me than through a voluntary statement made to me now."

Please turn to page 18

### SUB-DEBUTANTE SAYS:

THE GIRLS WITH LOVELY SKINS HAVE ALL THE FUN! I THANK MY LUCKY STARS FOR REXONA!



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X.5.27

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CVE-1112



## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Good heavens, Mopsy, you've holed in one!"

"Yes, I like to save wear and tear on the ball!"

## HE who laughs LASTS



"But the wife asked me to run you home, Mrs. Simpkins."



"My husband plays the organ, you know!"

"Well, if things don't improve, my husband will have to get one too!"



"But, darling, we can't possibly afford pearls!"

"Nonsense, George. We've just bought a car we couldn't afford, haven't we?"

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"AND I suppose you first learned right from wrong at your mother's knee?"

"No—across my father's."

THE troops were filing into the hall for the camp concert and the sergeant-major was advising them how to behave.

"You mean to say we've got to clap when the major sings?" growled one of the Diggers.

"Yes," his mate replied, "we've got to drown his voice somehow."

"AREN'T you ever afraid of losing control of the car?"

"Often. I'm two instalments behind already."

"MY wife had a funny dream last night. She thought she was married to a millionaire."

"You're lucky; my wife thinks that in the daytime."

"THIS is the finest cigarette-lighter on the market, madam."

"Yes, but how many cigarettes does it light to the gallon?"

"THERE'S a man outside, sir, who wants to see you about a bill you owe him."

"What does he look like?"

"Well, he looks like you'd better pay it."

"AS soon as I saw you come round the bend," said the traffic cop, "I said to myself, 'Forty-five at least!'"

"How dare you!" protested the lady driver. "It's this wretched hat that makes me look so old."

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First bathe your feet in warm water at bedtime. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

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Comfortable feet are essential for our soldiers. There is nothing so soothing as Zam-Buk for aching feet after a tiring march or a long day on duty. Put a box in your next parcel and he will thank you for your thought.



# An Editorial

DECEMBER 21, 1940.

## ROMANCE FOR CINDERELLAS



**F**ANCY me being related to the Queen. It's like Cinderella all over again."

In these words the 20-year-old laundress, Jean Crawford, who married the Queen's cousin, Captain Patrick Drummond-Scott, reminds us that war cannot kill romance.

It shows, however, that the war has killed the old class distinctions in England.

In peace-time the marriage would have been something of a sensation. To-day it is accepted as a commonplace, simply because the poor-girl Cinderellas are able to meet their Prince Charmings socially and marry them too.

Miss Crawford met her husband at a pier dance.

In peace-time they would probably never have met.

*Social engagements would have kept him in the West End. Instead romance was waiting for him at a Scottish pier.*

Our own Diggers have found romance in England in unexpected ways. Lonely girls they have met during air raids have later married them.

The whole atmosphere of war is for more romantic marriages—peace-time conventions are forgotten in the search for happiness, and snobbery and class distinction do not count.

The last war did a great deal towards wrecking foolish and outmoded class distinction, and this war has practically put a finish to the class cleavage.

The most stiff-necked old Tory would not dare to-day to raise his voice in criticism of the romance of the English captain allied to the Royal Family and this little Ayrshire laundress. All England realises that snobbery is now out of date.

It cheers the modern Cinderella and her Prince Charming as a lovely interlude in the ugliness of war.

—THE EDITOR.

# Letters from our Boys

## Winnie the War Winner



"Oh, that's my auntie—she always insists on looking after me."

Sergeant J. Carroll in Palestine to his mother in Parramatta, N.S.W.:

"A SMALL party of us were out in the desert on patrol and a tribe of Bedouins were camped just outside our imaginary boundary line.

"One of the Muktar, or chief's sons, came to our camp and invited me to a celebration, the event being the birth of a son to the Muktar's wife, or at least one of his wives.

"All the men of the tribe, about 115 in all, were seated round in a circle. The women clustered around the brush hut where the woman and child were, all singing and clapping their hands, and making a lot of noise. I thought it was just as well it was not twins.

"On entering the circle I squatted down in the sand and imbibed one of their smokes.

"After that, numerous cups of coffee, which they can make.

"Then the feast started. Nine large bowls were placed in the centre of the circle, and I, being guest of honor, had to have first turn. No knives or forks; all in with fingers.

"The mixture was goat's meat, rice, seeds from the desert and their own home-made bread and gravy all mixed in together.

"Just imagine me trying to be polite and still grabbing a handful of this mess.

"After the feast, more coffee and smokes, then some of their own music and dancing by the younger women of the household. Then I was placed upon a camel and escorted back to my own camp."

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

From a lieutenant in Palestine to his wife in Strathfield, N.S.W.:

"I WAS invited to go to Tiberias to meet the incoming seaplane with a very important mission which I cannot disclose.

"There is a drop of 700 feet from the hills down to Tiberias, spread along the narrow southern fringe of the Lake of Galilee (sometimes called Lake Tiberias).

"Never have I seen anything more placid than this lake, nor anything more blue.

"It is here that the flying-boats from Sydney land.

"When the dainty bird comes in from the eastern side she glides over the water to a position near the Lido, which is a very nice restaurant and swimming club on the water's edge. Here the passengers come ashore and have lunch.

"The waters of the lake teem with fish. I went out in a boat and in two minutes the owner of the boat had caught a fish with a piece of grapefruit peel as bait.

"Just past Nabulus, through which we passed, there is a large village which for some unknown reason has no well of its own.

"It draws water from a well on the roadside, through a chain of donkeys which carry four tins each on a pannier. The donkeys wander up and down, from village to well, all day and without any guides except one old 'moke' who carries nothing. He is the leader.

"There are two men at the well and two at the village; the former fill up the buckets and the latter empty them."

A R.A.A.F. wireless operator in Egypt to his mother, Mrs. T. A. Blundell, 70 Guildford Rd., Surrey Hills, Vic.:

"WE went for a stroll through Cairo last night and went into a fruit shop.

"The first thing we saw was a placard advertising Australia and the Blue Mountains.

"We just stood and stared at it for about a quarter of an hour, with the Gippo behind us doing his best to make us snap out of it; but he couldn't.

"Geet! we were homesick."

Sergeant R. Selby in Palestine to Mrs. F. Dethlefsen, Ungarie, N.S.W.:

"WE have a mythical bad lad in our company.

"His name is Herb Aseras, and anything that goes wrong is blamed on Herb.

"An officer from another company caught one of our chaps doing something wrong and took his name, and that was the name he was given.

"Next day this officer looked all through the company for 'Herb'.

"In a spirit of fun we have offered a reward for his capture, dead or alive (Herb, not the officer)."

A sergeant in England to a friend in Kensington Gardens, S.A.:

"WE were paid a visit by the Duke of Kent, and our company was chosen as guardsmen, standing up like 'nine-pins'.

"During the inspection I had a returned chappie on my right and naturally thought the colours would have stopped the Duke, but no, on he came, and stopped in front of me.

"Gosh, I nearly passed out! However, I recovered in time to give him reasonable answers to the questions he shot at me.

"No affection about him in the least."

Pte. D. Fransden in Egypt to a friend in Woonona, N.S.W.:

"AT present the platoon to which we belong is out on its own, and we have to cook for ourselves, so my mate and I took on the job.

"We decided to scramble eggs. The first mistake was to use sugar instead of salt.

"We then attempted to fry eggs, ending up spilling the fat on ourselves, and the eggs on the floor.

"After having had enough of hen frill, we lastly decided to make some custard, something we had never made in our lives and never hope to again.

"What with burning the milk and sugar, and using too much custard powder, the custard was so thick we had to cut it with a knife.

"So, in future, we'll stick to boiling water."

Private M. J. Connor's farewell letter to his nine-year-old son in Queenscliff, Vic.:

"JUST a few lines, Son, in this great moment of my life. To-morrow I sail from this beloved country—one I know you also will grow to love as I do—to help to defend it against that monster Hitler.

"I am not going to fight, Son, but as a member of the A.M.C. to help the sick and wounded.

"But one can say we shall not be found wanting. They are a wonderful lot of fellows, and it makes one proud to think he is a member of the A.I.F.

"Now, Son, it is also your great day to-morrow, for until my return, Graham, you have a big job put on your shoulders.

"No one knows more than I do that you will carry it out. Your job is to take care of your wonderful mother—one who will never fail you—and your grand little sister, Margaret.

"Help Mum all you can, be a good soldier, look around and see what wants doing, and do it with a good heart. You will never regret it.

"Some day, let's hope it will not be long, we shall all be together again, so now until I return carry on the good work.

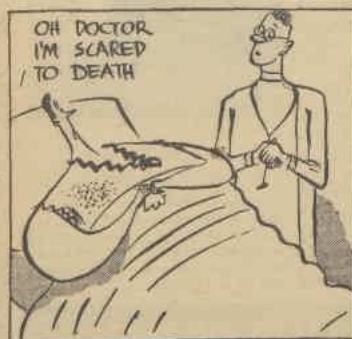
"Always be truthful, kind, and good to Mum, Marg. and all.

"I am proud of you, Son."

Private H. W. Parker in Palestine to his wife in Scottsdale, Tas.:

"THE other day I had the slowest, most painful and funniest haircut of my life. A native boy about thirteen years of age did it. He would run the clippers up as far as they would go. Then he would hold the hair down with a comb and pull the clippers out backwards, and start afresh.

"The next day he shaved me, but never again!"





# GINGER JOINS THE SECRET SERVICE...

Expert on "dipplematic strategy" spies on Hitler and Mussolini

By MAL VERCO and GINGER,  
Australia's famous entertainers

"Lo lo lo... er, I mean good morning Mister Verco," said a sepulchral voice at my elbow the other day. I turned to see what looked like an animated bath-mat, with a beard and a slouch hat, standing beside me.

"Hist," said the apparition. "We may be overheard."

"LOOK, old man," I said hurriedly, "I've got all the shoe-laces I want, I'm sorry about your eleven children, and I'm waiting to meet a friend. Scram."

"Tricked... oh you little BEAUTY!" I reeled back with a cry.

The apparition was Ginger—camouflaged!

"What's all this about?" I asked.

"Hist!" said Ginger again, and when I complained about all this hissing and wigs and things, the red-headed terror (wearing a black wig) explained that he was going to do his bit for the country.

"Ah—in costume for some patriotic entertainment, I suppose," I said.

"Nix, kid," said Ginger. "I'm doing me bit... joining the Secret Service. Knocking over spies, being kind but firm to beautiful, mysterious women, and cracking down on the master spy in the last chapter. I'm a bobby dazler at this game."

"What branch of the service are you in?" I asked. "Diplomatic or Intelligence?" (As though the little snoot could be in either.)

"Dunno," said Ginger, "just off down to the recruiting depot now to fix it up."

By this time a small crowd had

collected. Picking up the pennies they had thrown to him, Ginger led off down the road and we finally got to the office.

The sergeant fixed Ginger with a beady eye.

"Wodderya want?" he asked.

"I want to join the Secret Service," said Ginger, complacently.

"Yeah—with a commission, too," said the sergeant with elaborate sarcasm.

"No—just the ordinary wages," said Ginger. Just as the sergeant was picking absently at his revolver holster I hopped in.

"Ginger wants to do his bit," I explained.

"O'mon sarge-wargie, give us a job," he pleaded.

"Any military experience?" barked the soldier.

"Plenty," said Ginger succinctly. "I was half an hour late meeting the girl friend last night, and we are STILL coppers. If that's not 'dipplematic strategy' tell me what is!"

The sergeant began to fiddle with that revolver again, so I hopped in where angels fear to tread. "Seriously, Ginger," I said, "tell the Sarge about any real experience you've had."

"It was in '36," said Ginger dramatically. "I was in the employ of the Phot of Kefonalem, or some



Ginger, the Secret Service shorthand sleuth, takes notes of the Dictators' plans.

such place... in his Secret Service. I'd traced to their lair the villains led by Halfitch Dinkon. Boy, what a spy he was! I had them cornered...

"Go on," said the sergeant, interested.

"They had me cornered... their eyes were merciless... they came at me... they were thick as peas..."

"What did YOU do?"

"Shelled 'em," said Ginger.

Just as the sergeant grabbed that gun again an orderly came in with tea and bread-and-butter. Before you could wink, Ginger was eating some of the bread-and-butter.

The sergeant fellow just couldn't talk. But Ginger could.

"There's sand in this bread and butter," he announced coldly.

"So you can't take it, huh," said the sergeant.

"Listen, sarge, I wanna join to SERVE my country... not to EAT it," said Ginger.

## Shot the cook

"WHAT could you do... you underaged, overfed, blistering..."

"Hey... chop that out... you're talking to a fellow that saved 500 lives in the last war," said Ginger impressively.

"How?" said the sergeant, who was starting to look apprehensive every time Ginger opened his mouth. "How did YOU save 500 lives in the last war?"

"Shot the cook."

We reached the pavement about two strides ahead of the sergeant and the orderly, who'd come back for the empty cup, and made a nice little retreat to a coffee lounge where neither of us is known. I was just getting a good snootful of coffee when Ginger rose gracefully, and bowed, with clicking heels.

"Just a General I know," said Ginger, aside. (I forgot to say that Ginger had lost the wig and beard in the rush from the recruiting depot.)

The General was a large man, plump, and with a good old porty expression. He had a pair of moustaches that would have made Highland cattle envious. They curled up like a pair of buffalo horns.

When he returned Ginger's salutation I nearly fainted.

"We're buddies," Ginger explained. "As a matter of fact it was the General who gave me the idea of joining the Secret Service. He's keeping an eye on one of the girls here, and wants me to give him a hand."

"They look a nice lot here," I said, taking in a platinum-blond.

"They are," said Ginger. "They're a lot of snarkers."

"Not a difficult job to watch... easy on the eyes?"

"Yeah... but lemme tell you, that General, old Jenny, I call him for short... he's a brave man. Shot in the breast in the last war."

Even I couldn't take that one. "Shot in the breast, eh... right through the heart, and still living. You're nuts," I snarled.

"Shot through the breast all right," said Ginger, "but his heart was in his mouth at the time."

Just then three men from the asylum came and collected the General.

"There goes your General."

## Ashamed TO CALL HIM MY SON!



JOHN. Bill, lift up your feet when you walk! Straighten your shoulders! I won't have you dragging around like this!

ELLEN. Darling, please don't pick at him so much. He's really not well.



JOHN. The kid's bane! Sometimes I feel ashamed to call him my son...

ELLEN. John, I know you don't mean that. The trouble is he's so highly strung and nervous—looks so thin and pale. We'd better take him to the doctor.



DOCTOR. Mrs. Lewis, young Bill's troubles are really due to his sleep. You see, children grow during sleep. This uses up their energy. Heartbeats and breathing at night also use up energy. Naturally, if energy isn't replaced during sleep, children get run down. It's Night-Starvation. So give him Horlicks.



JOHN. Look at that! I'm proud of him, Ellen! The kid's a "trier" alright!

ELLEN. Haven't Horlicks made a world of difference to him?

Pilled from 1/6; economy size, 2/6. Special pack with mugs, 2/6.

**HORLICKS GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION**

Since when have YOU been using GIBBS?



SINCE MY DENTIST PUT ME ON GUARD, SIR!

Attention! Halt decay before it can take command. Use Gibbs night and morning for an A1 ranking in dental health—strong white teeth—firm, rosy gums—a healthy mouth, and pleasant breath. The swirling Gibbs foam sweeps away every particle of food and routs the battalions of decay germs that are waiting to attack your teeth. And do you know that Gibbs outlasts all other tooth-cleaning preparations? (A 1/4 tin is sufficient for 216 days, the 1/2 tin for 116 days). So it saves your money as well as teeth! Keep your tin and buy refills.

**Gibbs Dentifrice**

Small tins - - 1/-  
Large tins - - 1/6  
Large Refills, 1/3

GAM





## Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 14

"YES," agreed Lupton unhappily. "I see that, of course. I suppose you'll make inquiries, and it'll get round." He gave a shudder, and lifted his head. "I have—known Mrs. Smith for a number of years," he said, not meeting Hannasyde's gaze. "I needn't go into all that, need I? My work takes me about the country a good deal. I—there has always been plenty of opportunity without creating suspicion I've been very careful. I don't know how my brother-in-law found out. It's a mystery to me. But he did find out. He asked me to call at his office. I'd no idea—I thought it odd, but he was a strange man, and it didn't cross my mind... anyway, I went, and he taxed me with—with my connection with Mrs. Smith."

He broke off, and turned with a kind of appeal towards Giles. "You knew him, Carrington. It's no good trying to explain to the Superintendent. No one who was unacquainted with Gregory would understand."

"I didn't know him well," Giles answered.

"You must have seen the type of man he was. Power! That's what he liked! He didn't care about my wife, you know. Not enough to make him threaten me with exposure. That wasn't it. It was—a cruel streak in his nature. They're all of them like that, the Matthews, in a way. He wanted to pull the strings and see the puppets dance. Well, I told him he couldn't do that with me. I—I have danced, often, in—minor things, but this was different."

"I don't want you to think of it as a mere sordid intrigue, because I swear it's not like that. Mrs. Smith—well, she's just the same as a wife to me. I'd marry her if I

could, but you see, it's all so impossible. There are my daughters, and my wife, of course. I've even got a grandson. One can't, you know. But that's what I meant when I wrote that." He pointed to the letter lying on the desk before Hannasyde.

Hannasyde picked it up. "The phrase, you will have cause to regret it if you drive me to take desperate action—that meant that you were seriously contemplating divorce, Mr. Lupton?"

"Yes, I think I meant that. I don't know. I was terribly worried. I couldn't see my way out of the trouble. I wrote that to try and frighten him. I thought he might hesitate to push me too far if he knew I was prepared to stand by Gladys, and let everything else go to the deuce. After all he wouldn't want an open scandal in the family, and it wasn't as though my wife suffered in any way through Mrs. Smith."

"I quite understand that," said Hannasyde. "You asked him for a second interview, but he refused it, didn't he?"

Henry Lupton nodded and gulped. "Yes, he refused it. That was the last time I spoke to him. On the morning of the day he died, just over the telephone. He rang me up from his office. I never saw him again."

"At what time did he ring you up, Mr. Lupton?"

"Oh, quite early! Not later than eleven."

"I see. And what did you do then?"

Lupton stared at him. "Nothing. That is, I was at my office, you see,

I had my work. I couldn't do anything."

"You didn't make any attempt to see Mr. Matthews—during lunch-time, for instance?"

"No. It wouldn't have been any use. I knew Gregory. I had lunch by myself. I wanted time to think."

"Where did you lunch, Mr. Lupton?"

"At my usual place. It's a quiet little restaurant called the Vine. They know me there. I'm sure they'll be able to bear me out."

"And after lunch?"

"I went back to the office, of course. As a matter of fact, I left earlier than I generally do. Well, before tea."

"Where did you go?"

"To Golders Green. I wanted to see Mrs. Smith."

"Ah, yes," Hannasyde said suavely. "You naturally wished to discuss the matter with her."

"Well, no. No, actually I didn't speak of it. I meant to, but—but I still hoped there might be some way of getting round it, and—you see, we never spoke of my—my home-life. And I didn't want to upset Gladys. I haven't told her anything about what's happened. Just that we have had a death in the family."

"Oh!" said Hannasyde. "At what hour did you leave Mrs. Smith?"

"I don't really know. I was home in time for dinner. I mean, I went straight home from Golders Green."

"And after dinner?"

"We had some people in for bridge. I didn't leave the house again until next day, when we came here."

"Thank you," Hannasyde was jotting something down in his notebook. His tone conveyed nothing.

Lupton looked anxiously at him. "I don't know if there's anything more you want to know, or if I can go? My wife will be—"

"No, there is nothing more at present," said Hannasyde.

The little man withdrew, and Giles came away from the window, where he had been standing, and said: "Poor devil! What a mess to have got himself into! You don't like his story?"

"I don't like his alibi."

"Which one? Oh, Gladys Smith! I should think he probably did go there. Vague idea of seeking comfort. Rather pathetic."

"Anyway, she'll swear he was with her," Hannasyde said.

"Probably, but I don't quite see how he could have come here at that hour without being seen by some of the household, if that's what you're driving at."

"Easily," said Hannasyde, with a touch of scorn. "There are more ways of getting into this house than by the front door, Mr. Carrington. There's a garden door, for instance, which opens out of a cloakroom on to a path at the side of the house. Anyone would use that door if he wanted to be unobserved. The backstairs come down just by the cloakroom. He would only have to choose his moment."

"Yes, but what would have been the use?" asked Giles. "Matthews wasn't at home then. Into what would he have dropped his poison?"

"I'm thinking of that bottle of tonic—so providentially smashed," said Hannasyde.

Giles wrinkled his brow. "Would he have known where it was kept? And how could he have arranged to smash it?"

"He might have known. Simple enough to smash it when he came round next morning with his wife."

"Oh!" said Giles doubtfully. "Think it's quite in keeping with his character? Such a weak little man!"

"He was feeling desperate, Mr. Carrington. He admitted that himself. I should say this Gladys Smith is about the biggest thing in his life."

"DIVORCE seems to me to be a solution more likely to appeal to him than murder," said Giles.

Hannasyde shook his head decidedly. "I don't agree with you. He wouldn't face up to that sort of a scandal. Probably fond of his daughter, too. If he did the murder it was because he thought he could get clean away with it. He couldn't have got clean away with a divorce—not with that wife. There'd have been the deuce of a row."

"All very well," objected Giles, "but he couldn't have been sure that by killing Matthews he was protecting himself. Matthews might have told someone else. In fact, he did. That young sweep, Randall, wasn't drawing a bow at a venture. He knew."

"He knew, yes, but, if you noticed, Lupton was amazed that he knew. He probably believed Matthews had so far kept the secret to himself."

He picked up Lupton's letter, and placed it in his pocket-book. Then he looked thoughtfully at the desk, and pulled open one of the drawers, and frowned. It was the odds-and-ends drawer. "I wish—I wish very much that I knew what Mr. Randall Matthews found to interest him amongst this collection," he said.

"Was he interested? I didn't notice."

"I'm nearly sure he was. But whether it was in something which he saw, or in something which he expected to see, and didn't, I don't know. Setting aside his duties as an executor—which I don't fancy would worry him much—why did he want to be here when we went through his uncle's papers? What did he think we should find?"

"Perhaps the very thing we did find. That letter of Lupton's."

Hannasyde considered this for a moment. "It might have been that. It's quite probable, if old Matthews had taken him into his confidence. But what is there in this drawer?"

"You may be right in thinking it is something which is not in the drawer."

"I may. There is just one thing that strikes me as unusual: there's practically no old correspondence, either here or at Matthews' office."

Please turn to page 20



**Give your friends a little support THIS XMAS**

# Berlei

## BRASSIERES for your friends

What better gift for a lady than something that makes her more beautiful? What beauty more desirable than the beauty of a youthful bust-line? Feminine, charming in itself, the gift of a Berlei Brassiere will be near a woman's heart in more ways than one.

and why not for YOU?

Choose several, to wear with your silk and cotton frocks, play suits, beach ensembles and evening frocks. See Berlei's exquisite summer brassieres in bouquet voile, (as illustrated), satin, lace and net. They're cool, light, supremely comfortable—the nicest "figure-insurance"!

★ FOR THAT "FILM-STAR LOOK," WEAR A HOLLYWOOD MAXWELL

Take years off your figure with a Berlei, the Foundation of Beauty.

## WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS!

- 1.—Memorable in Australia's history was the launching, on November 30, of H.M.A.S. Arunta. Can you say which of these statements about her is—or are—correct?  
She was the largest naval vessel to be launched in Australia for 12 years—she belongs to the same destroyer class as H.M.S. Cossack, of Altnmark-prisoners-rescue fame—she was the first Tribal class destroyer to be built outside Britain.
- 2.—Christmas is rushing upon us now. As well as its other interests Christmas Day is the birthday of Princess Alexandra, who this year will be  
Three years old—four—five—six.
- 3.—Christmas Day was also the birthday of Sir Isaac Newton, famed—this is really awfully easy—as the discoverer of  
The theory of relativity—the circulation of the blood—the law of gravitation—the rotation of the earth around the sun.
- 4.—Maybe, with Christmas shopping upon you, you agree with the writer who called Christmas the "Glorious time of great Too-Much." He was  
Dryden—Rudyard Kipling—W. S. Gilbert—Leigh Hunt—Thomas De Quincey.
- 5.—"Puss, Puss"—no don't call the family pet. State without even looking at her that the number of her toes is  
12—14—16—18—20.
- 6.—The first country ever to use the florin was  
France—England—Austria—Holland—Bulgaria.
- 7.—In case you're planning a tasty mock turtle soup for your Christmas holiday menus, this is usually made of  
Bullock's heart—giblets—calfs head—oysters.
- 8.—Of course, Christmas would never be Christmas without that good old carol about Good King Wenceslas looking out on the Feast of Stephen. And when is the Feast of Stephen?  
December 23—December 24—December 25—December 26—January 1.
- 9.—What does panoply mean?  
A state procession—a decorated awning—a complete suit of armor—an array of flags and banners.
- 10.—Lucky last! Your second cousin's child is your  
Second cousin once removed—first cousin twice removed—third cousin—fourth cousin.

Answers on page 20



**EVAN WILLIAMS** Essential hair health! SHAMPOO.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write R. G. Turnley & Son, 266 Flinders Street, Melbourne.



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Standard Models, 13/6 to 40/-  
Gift Pen and Pencil Sets, 25/- to 67/6  
Military Service Pen and Pencil Sets in neat solid leather pocket containers 24/- and 31/-

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THE BRITISH PEN

From all leading Jewellers, Stationers and Booksellers by the firm that has made British Pens for 60 years.

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JOHN MASEFIELD in the garden of his English country home.

## A BOOK TO READ

### Dancer who became Empress of Rome

John Masefield's biography of the ambitious Theodora

Theodora, the dancer who became Empress of the Roman Empire in the sixth century, attained such power that officials took an oath of allegiance to her as well as to her husband.

Her first biographer, Precopius, was so bitterly biased against her that at intervals in the last 1500 years new biographers have chivalrously explained away her faults and lauded her virtues.

**HISTORY** books describe Theodora as fiercely ambitious, arrogant and cruel, and are censorious about the colorful past she buried when she became Empress as the wife of Justinian the Great.

But John Masefield is one of the chivalrous biographers.

In his new book, "Basileia," Theodora is a religious, serious-minded young woman with a flair for politics and a fine courage dramatically tested when she saves Justinian from murder by a political assassin.

Masefield alters history to crowd dramatic events into his book, but unless you are a historian this does not detract from it.

His story opens with Theodora's visit to Alexandria to see the saintly ex-Bishop Timotheus. She has parted from her lover, Hekebolos, and feels that her life is finished.

But Timotheus tells her prophetically:

"You have been set in a great stage, given great gifts, and are now tried and proven fit for great things."

#### Ballet, 500 A.D.

WHEN Theodora, destitute after being robbed of all her jewels, meets old friends in a ballet company in Antioch, she returns with them to Constantinople.

The life of a ballet company in 500 A.D. will enthral balletomanes.

When the Sothenes ballet makes its farewell appearance in Antioch, the hills around the theatre are massed with thousands of people, the governor and magistrates make speeches, and special police are needed to keep back the crowd that follows the company to the wharf.

In Constantinople their new theatre is blessed by the leader of the Christian Church, the Emperor and Empress attend the opening night, and jewels, trinkets, and flowers are showered on the stage.

Sothenes, Macedonia—his sixth-century Pavlova—and Theodora are ennobled by the Emperor to the degree of "Most Illustrious."

It is in the theatre that Theodora meets the rather bookish Justinian and begins to exert the influence that changed him into a man of action.

She is in the background advising him during the election (a much more exciting one than anything provided in the twentieth century) which nearly ended in civil war, but led to the betrothal of Justinian and Theodora instead.

Incidentally, during the election campaign, the "Greens," supporters of Hypatius, Justinian's rival, wore green lacquered finger-nails to proclaim their political color.

Theodora's hard-boiled ex-comedienne sister, Comito, makes an all too brief appearance.

"I'm glad you're quit of that would-be thought; he was nothing but a suit of clothes," she says scornfully of Hekebolos.

"Old Justo," the roughly-spoken ex-soldier Emperor, and his ex-slave wife are a delightful, homely pair, as Masefield presents them.

"Those palace places are all for state, but I always tell my husband, the Emperor, I do like a room where I can be comfortable," the Empress says.

"What I suffer in these great halls at these functions! This is the only room where I can be homely and put my feet up."

"Though you know, my dear, I've much to be thankful for, being Empress."

"And I do like being called Queen, after being at people's beck and call: Lupt, why haven't you cleaned the plates? Lupt, take up your mistress' broth." I've had all that in my time.

"But being Emperor and Empress isn't all silk underwear, like what I used to think it would be."

"Basileia," by John Masefield. (Heinemann.) Our copy from Angus and Robertson.



Then a friend dropped a hint, and Sadie became a **LUX** CHANGE DAILY GIRL!



ALL SINCE SHE BEGAN TO **LUX** US AFTER EVERY WEARING. WE UNDIES MADE SADIE UNPOPULAR, I'M AFRAID.

THE SMITH'S PARTY TONIGHT, THE TENNIS DANCE TOMORROW—SADIE HAS A GRAND TIME THESE DAYS!

YES, PEOPLE NOTICE PERSPIRATION ODOUR. NO CHANCE OF THAT WITH **Lux**.

**LUX** saves stocking ladders, too—does not contain soda

A LEVER PRODUCT

Let this Miracle Face Cream work **Magic** CHANGES in your looks!



Now—youthful, attractive skin—your skin can quickly be restored to "aging" faces, because the secret of bringing increased loveliness to skins joining their natural suppleness has been discovered!

**FACIAL YOUTH MAKES YOU LOOK YOUNGER. LOVELIER—OVERNIGHT**

No matter what your age, no matter how rough, red or blemished your skin, "Facial Youth" will work magic changes in your looks—make you look 10 years younger overnight! Containing costly "Vitamin" it ends Blackheads, Open Pores, Shiny or Greasy Skin, Dryness, Lines, and Wrinkles. Nourishes and restores the skin tissues. An unequalled powder base. 1001 1/2, 3/4, and 3/8.

**KATHLEEN COURT'S 'Facial Youth' Beautifying CREAM**

**Guarantee**  
TRY "Facial Youth" for 10 days. If you do not like it, return it for a full refund. No questions asked.

**'Freckle-face'**

When Weather Brings Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

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Do you know — **Flies carry disease?**



Protect your family from filthy flies. Flit is also sure death to Mosquitoes, Cockroaches, Bugs, Ants, Fleas and other insect pests. Flit spray will not stain. Sold in 8 oz. and 16 oz. bottles, 32 oz. and 160 oz. tins. Look for the soldier on the package.

Kill flies with **FLIT**

Be sure you get Flit to humans—deadly to insects.

Vacuum Oil Company Pty. Ltd. (Incorp. in Aust.)



"SOME men habitually tear up letters as soon as they've answered them," said Giles. "Are you suggesting that someone's been at work amongst Matthews' papers?"

"I'm suggesting nothing," replied Hannasyde. "But it does seem to me that if Matthews destroyed all his letters himself, it must have amounted to a mania with him."

"The fell hand of Randall," said Giles, with an amused look.

Hannasyde smiled reluctantly. "I know you think I've got him on the brain. I ought to tell you that I can't find that he came anywhere near this place between May 12 and May 15." He added ruefully: "You're quite right: I am suspicious of him, and I'm suspicious of his alibi. They're so good that they might have been created on purpose. But I tell you frankly, Mr. Carrington, I don't see how he can possibly have committed this murder."

"You sound regretful," said Giles, laughing.

"No, not that. Just plain worried. Groping about in a fog, and all the time I've got an uneasy feeling I'm on the wrong track. If I could only

discover the medium through which the poison was administered! It may have been the whisky-and-soda Guy Matthews poured out for his uncle; Matthews may have bathed his scratched hand with poisoned lotion—but all the lotion I found in this house was a brand-new bottle with the paper sealing the cork down still intact.

"It may have been the tonic—and the bottle was smashed. I've racked my brains to think of something else—something that might have been doctored at any time, perhaps days before Matthews' death. Well, I thought of aspirin tablets, but he didn't use drugs. Hemingway put all the servants through a hair-sieve, so to speak, but he couldn't discover that Matthews had eaten or drunk anything the rest of the family hadn't, barring that whisky, and the tonic."

He broke off, and rose. "Well, it's no use sitting and talking to you about it, Mr. Carrington. I've got to get on with the job, and I've no doubt you're itching to get back to town."

## Behold, Here's Poison

Continued from page 18

"I don't know about itching, exactly, but I certainly ought to go," said Giles, glancing at his watch. "I'm glad I don't leave Lupton in the role of chief suspect," he added with a twinkle. "I'm sorry for the poor wretch."

"Oh, he's a suspect all right," Hannasyde answered. "I shall have to check up closely on him. But it's too clever, Mr. Carrington. If Lupton did it, it must have been on the spur of the moment, and because he was desperate. Well, I may be wrong, but it doesn't look like that to me."

"It's been carefully planned; this murder, down to the very poison that was used. The ordinary man doesn't hit on a thing like nicotine on the spur of the moment."

"I see. You think research is indicated."

"I do. Research, and a cool, clever brain," said Hannasyde, putting his pocket-book away, and moving across the thick carpet to the door. He opened it, and nearly collided

with Miss Matthews. "I beg your pardon!"

She was holding a bowl of flowers between her hands, and said in her hurried way: "Oh, what a start you gave me, Superintendent! Just going to replenish my flowers. I always do it in the cloakroom, because it makes such a mess."

She ended on one of her breathless, inane laughs, and sped on through the balse door at the end of the passage. The two men's eyes met. "She was listening," said Giles softly.

"Yes," replied Hannasyde non-committally. "She has a reputation for being extremely inquisitive."

Randall, leaving the study in the wake of his aunt, did not follow her to the library, where he could hear her voice raised in denunciation of himself, but strolled instead to the foot of the stairs, and after a brief glance round the empty hall went up, not hurriedly, but soft-footed.

There was no one on the upper landing. The first door led into Gregory Matthews' bedroom, and

### The answer is—

- 1—All correct.
- 2—Four.
- 3—The law of gravitation.
- 4—Leigh Hunt.
- 5—18. (Five on each of front paws and four on each of back.)
- 6—France.
- 7—Calf's head.
- 8—December 26.
- 9—A complete suit of armor.
- 10—Second cousin once removed.

Questions on page 18

was not locked. Randall turned the handle, went in, and quietly closed the door behind him.

The room, which was large, and gloomy with mahogany, had the unfriendly look that uninhabited apartments wear. The bed was draped by a dust-sheet; the windows were shut; and the dressing-table, the chest of drawers, and even the mantelpiece were swept bare of all personal belongings.

Randall glanced about him, and presently moved towards the wardrobe, a huge, triple-doored piece that took up nearly the whole of one wall. Gregory Matthews' clothes were neatly arranged in it, but they did not seem to concern Randall, for after a brief survey he closed the doors again, and went across to the dressing-table. There was nothing in either of its drawers, except a watch and chain, and a box containing cuff-links and studs, and the chest at the opposite side of the room contained only piles of under-clothing.

Randall shrugged, and walked over to the door which communicated with his uncle's bathroom. Here the same barrenness met his gaze; not so much as a razor-stop had been left to remind him of his uncle's erstwhile presence.

He went at once to where a small medicine-chest hung, but it was quite empty. He slowly shut it, and turned away towards the door leading out on to the landing. He opened it, and stepped out of the room just as Stella came running lightly up the stairs.

She checked at sight of him, and stared, a frown slowly gathering on her brow. Randall met the stare with his faint, bland smile, and closed the bathroom door behind him. "Good-morning, my precious," he said.

She remained with her hand still resting on the big wooden knob at the head of the banisters. "What were you doing in there?" she asked, her voice sharp with suspicion.

"Just looking over the scene of the crime," he answered. He held out his open cigarette-case. "Will you smoke, my love?"

"No, thanks. What were you looking for?"

He raised his brows. "Did I say I was looking for something?"

"I know you were."

"Well, whatever it was I was disappointed," said Randall. "Someone has been busy."

"Aunt Harriet turned everything out the day uncle died," Stella said shortly.

Randall lit a cigarette, and said in a meditative tone: "I often wonder whether Aunt Harriet is the fool she appears to be, or not."

"Good heavens, you don't think she did it to destroy evidence, do you?" exclaimed Stella, unable to believe in such forethought.

"I am quite unable to make up my mind on that point," Randall replied. "Cast your little feather-weight of a brain backward, my sweet. What did our dear Aunt Harriet take out of uncle's medicine-chest?"

"Oh, I don't know! All sorts of things. Corn-plaster, and iodine, and fruit salts."

"And uncle's tonic, of course," said Randall, watching the blue smoke rise up from the end of his cigarette.

"No, that was broken. New bottle, too."

He raised his eyes rather quickly. "Broken," he repeated. "Was it indeed? Well, well! And who broke it, my little one?"

"No one. Uncle must have left it on the shelf over the wash-basin, and the wind blew it over."

"Any questions asked about it?" inquired Randall.

"Do you mean by the police? Yes, I think so. Not to me."

Randall sighed. "I wonder who regrets Aunt Gertrude's officiousness most," he said. "The Matthews family or Superintendent Hannasyde?"

To be continued

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Newcastle	Perth		Warrnambool	
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# The Movie World

December 21, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

21

## COMEBACK to COMEDY

By  
JOAN McLEOD  
in  
Hollywood



● Right, lovely Carole Lombard, who returns to madcap mood in her next film, in which she plays Bob Montgomery's wife.

### Montgomery and Lombard as madcap "Mr. and Mrs. Smith"

**R**OBERT MONTGOMERY, looking as jaunty and debonair as ever, is back in town working on "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," his first film since his return from France.

Busy Carole Lombard finished her role in the Laughlin film, "They Knew What They Wanted," just in time to co-star with Bob in this film.

For both stars it means a return to that light-hearted modern farce that has pleased their fans most.

This is a story of a bright, but eccentric, young couple in New York to-day, and it is being directed by the brilliant Englishman, Alfred Hitchcock.

So it will be a change from the emotion-stirring drama of Carole's recent "In Name Only" and "Vigil in the Night"—and from the unusual characterisations of the "Earl of Chicago" and "Haunted Honeymoon." Bob's last two films.

Bob's role in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" is actually his first film job in America since "The Earl of Chicago," which he made about eighteen months ago.

Since then he has played the hero of a real-life wartime adventure—

as exciting a role as any he has played on the screen.

Last year, you will remember, Bob was listed to make a screen version of the Dorothy Sayers thriller, "Busman's Honeymoon," in MGM's English studios.

Bob made dozens of English friends, and rented a lovely old home in Buckinghamshire, where he went to live with his wife and two children.

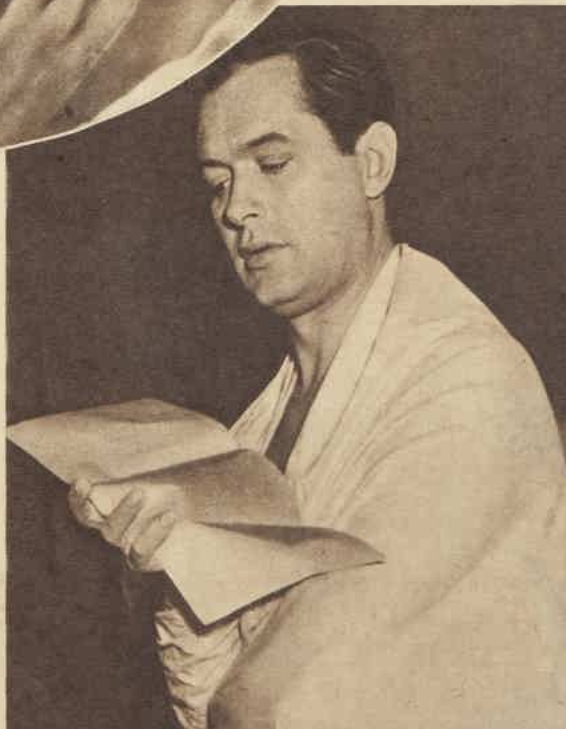
They had been in England only a few months when war broke out, and were hustled back to America by anxious studio officials.

A few months later Bob returned alone to film "Busman's Honeymoon" (now retitled for the screen "Haunted Honeymoon")—the only Hollywood star to make a film there since the war began.

During these months he learnt to admire the way the British were carrying on, and made their cause his own.

As soon as his film work was done, he dashed across to France where he was an ambulance driver for the American Red Cross until the German advance drove him out of Paris.

Ever since he returned to America he has been lecturing throughout the States on his experiences. In France. Proceeds from this lecture tour go to the British Red Cross.



● Just finished one amusing scene, Montgomery rehearses the lines for his next. In this film he is being directed by Alfred Hitchcock of "Rebecca" and "Foreign Correspondent" fame.

Bob is Hollywood's most enthusiastic war worker.

Earlier this year he even refused the coveted role opposite Katharine Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story" in order to continue with his lecture tour. So it went to James Stewart instead.

● In "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," Bob and

Carole meet on a movie set for the first time, Bob having been borrowed by RKO from MGM, the studio which holds his contract, to play this part. But this real-life madcap pair are old friends. As fellow stars at MGM Bob and Carole's husband, Clark Gable, have been good-natured rivals for years.



● Robert Montgomery and Carole Lombard take time off for a chat on the set of RKO's "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

## The perfume parade

**T**HESE days a movie star's boudoir and studio dressing-room contain more perfume bottles than powder boxes.

There are numerous tricks in the choice and application of perfume, and each Hollywood girl jealously guards her own.

Bette Davis considers the proper perfume as much a part of every screen role she portrays as the costume she wears because from certain odors arise certain of Bette's many moods.

She calls them her sad or her happy perfumes. During the filming of "All This and Heaven Too," Bette wore quaint lavender and musk, the latter heavy and melancholy, the former refined, soothing and gay.

### Suits her moods

**L**ORETTA YOUNG sides with Bette Davis in choosing a perfume to suit every mood, but Loretta goes even further by having scents for every season and for certain fabrics.

Winter velvet occasions a heavier odor than her summer prints. Just a few days ago Loretta attended a sewing-bee—more popular than swank bridge parties—wearing an ultra-feminine frock in blue-and-white bachelor-button print, a corsage of the same flowers pinned to her waist and to her chapeau.

The perfume choice was as light and gay as the day and as floral as the flowers. Loretta always tips the hems of her full-skirted dancing costumes with perfume. This is especially effective with skirts that whirl on the dance floor. Other bits she accents are her lips, wrists and hairline.

Jane Wyman is nostalgic to what she calls the "wanderlust" perfumes. These include a spring orange-blossom and any Oriental odor.

Light floral odors are usually Jane's final choice and a touch of it always caresses the inside band of her hair, the base of her throat and the back of her neck.



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## How FILM FOLK will spend CHRISTMAS DAY

Two days of parties,  
friendly visits,  
and family reunions

**C**ALIFORNIA'S Christmas may fall in midwinter, but it always seems to be bright and sunny, and warm enough to make late breakfast on the patio or verandah the order of the day.

"Open House" is always the order of the day in the movie colony, too, and frequently the order of the night before.

For two days front doors are unlatched and sideboards stocked with good things to refresh "drop-pers in." There's a pleasant habit in Hollywood of delivering presents "in person"—setting out in the car on Christmas Eve or Christmas morning and driving from one home to another to deliver packages and give the season's greetings.

Jeanette MacDonald goes even further by gathering up a group of pals on Christmas Eve, loading them into a truck and driving around to serenade all their friends with carols. And what a treat it is, too, for Jeanette's chorus frequently contains such singers as Grace Moore, Nelson Eddy, Lily Pons or Lawrence Tibbett—truly a million dollars' worth of voices!

After that gesture, Jeanette's Christmas is a home affair. This year Jeanette is flying home from a concert tour and she and Gene Raymond will serve Christmas dinner at their home with Jeanette's mother and sister and Gene's father and brother as guests. It will be something of an event at that, for Gene's father only recently came to the Coast from New York, and it will be his first Christmas with his family in California.

**W**HITE Christmas trees are quite the thing in local homes, and each year there is a great sale for trees that have been sprayed with silvery-white paint.

Anita Louise and Joan Crawford always have white trees. Joan carries the white motif right to her dinner-table, which is laid with white linen and china, white candles and a big bowl of white mistletoe in the centre. Hers is probably the nearest anyone in the colony will ever get to having a "White Christmas."

Incidentally, there'll be something a little special about Joan Crawford's Yuletide celebration, too, for it will be the first since she adopted baby Christina. Joan, who has always doted on buying presents for other people's children every year, will be able to have all the trimmings for Christina—including a tiny white tree all her own.

For Clark Gable and Carole Lombard it will be Christmas en famille at the ranch, with maybe Carole's mother and Clark's dad as guests.

It will be a real ranch celebration with everything from the tree to the turkey coming right out of the Gables' ten-acre back yard. We must mention the turkey, for Clark is fattening up that bird right now, and it's going to be a beauty.

Another star who's planning an old-fashioned ranch Christmas is



By  
**BARBARA BOURCHIER**  
in Hollywood



• "In many movie homes, Christmas is strictly a day for the children," writes Barbara Bouchier. Above is young Richard Nichols, of Warner Brothers, who still believes in Santa Claus.

Victor McLaglen. Highlight of the December festivities at the McLaglen ranch is always a tremendous feast, with all the "eats" fresh from the ranch gardens, and all the McLaglen clan on hand to enjoy them.

The clan is usually sizable, including Vic's several brothers and their wives, various relatives of his wife, his son and daughter and their pals, with a number of Vic's busi-

ness associates thrown in for good measure. And just to be sure there'll be enough to go around, Vic has already sent a hundred turkeys out to the ranch to be fattened for the holidays.

In many movie homes Christmas is strictly a day for the children, and, if the youngsters are small, papa will probably take a postman's holiday and give one of the

finest performances of his career as Santa Claus. Pat O'Brien always does this for little Sean and Mavourneen, and so far he hasn't been detected. Edward Robinson has performed in a similar manner for young Manny Robinson, but he doesn't think he'll be able to get away with it again this year.

Those two young dynamos, Norman and Ellen, make Christmas a merry, if somewhat wearying, day for Dick Powell and Joan Blondell. Norman, being a light sleeper—

particularly on Christmas morning—always wakes at the crack of dawn and drags little Ellen off to see what Santa has left. "The presents are always brought up and spread all over mama and papa," laughs Joan, "and a good time is had by all till papa decides to demand breakfast!"

Norma Shearer, of course, will spend the day with little Irving and Katherine, probably at their Santa Monica beach home, but maybe at Lake Arrowhead if there's snow on the mountains this year.

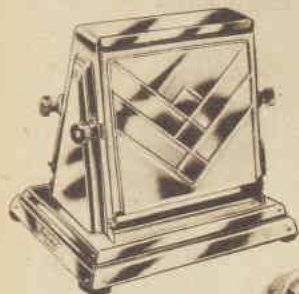
Continued on page 25



• Like so many movie celebrities, Sanja Henie, 20th Century-Fox star, will spend an old-fashioned Christmas this year. Here she is putting the final touches to the decorations in the living-room of her new home.



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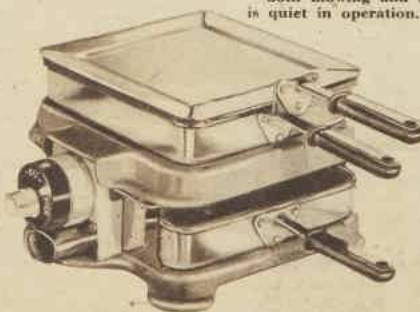
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# GAY MUSICAL from London studio

CICELY COURTNEIDGE  
AND JACK HULBERT  
BACK ON THE JOB IN  
"UNDER YOUR HAT"

• Story of "Under Your Hat" was modernised for 1940 audiences. Here, Cicely and Jack, on spy hunt, don disguise for Austin Trevor.

From our London correspondent.



• Given the job of shadowing spy Leonora Corbett, Jack rouses jealousy of wife Cicely, who is posing as a maid.



• In "Under Your Hat," British Grand National release, Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge are in their most light-hearted mood. This burlesque Spanish dance highlights their film.

IN common with every other body of workers in that stout-hearted city, the movie people are proving that London can take it.

"Under Your Hat," film version of the gay West End stage hit (it ran for over two years at the Palace Theatre) was filmed in intervals between the heaviest bombings over London.

To get the film finished, the cast worked day and night. One of the most enthusiastic full-time workers was comedienne Cicely Courtneidge, who, with her husband, Jack Hulbert, is starred in the film.

"In the studio," commented Cicely, "you seem to be cut off from the strain of things to-day. We go on filming, absorbed in the job, just as in the days of peace, until suddenly we have to stop work because an aeroplane can be heard roaring

overhead. That brings you back to reality with a bump."

War conditions, of course, brought their problems.

One of the production difficulties was a sequence in which Jack and Cicely appear with the well-known Rhythm Brothers—Clive Errard and Jack and Frank Trafford—all of whom are in the Army.

They could obtain only one day's leave, on a Sunday, so the sequence was shot in one day, although it was midnight before director Thornton Freeland was satisfied.

Still, working in the week-ends was nothing unusual for Jack and Cicely, who were accustomed to rehearsing the ballets in their respective dance routines, so that everything would be in readiness for an immediate start on the morrow.

Every day the long hours of production were interrupted by "the three pips," the well-known London

call signal heralding the B.B.C. News. The whole company, stars, extras, technicians and studio staff, immediately stopped work and gathered around to listen. The broadcast over, they went back on making the picture. So eagerly was the news awaited on the set—as everywhere else—that the intervals for meals was arranged to coincide with the longer broadcast bulletins.

The story of "Under Your Hat" deals with the efforts of Jack Hulbert to frustrate a foreign spy in his schemes to get possession of a special carburettor. Of course, Jack finds it necessary, for the sake of his country, to fraternise with Carole, a beautiful vamp, and Cicely misunderstands his high motives.

Leonora Corbett is, like Jack and Cicely, an original member of the "Under Your Hat" cast. When the film first went into production, Miss Corbett was working at Teddington Studios, and Maria Labarr, the French actress, was given the part. Before any of her scenes were actually shot, however, France's capitulation was announced. Miss Labarr withdrew in order to look after her family. It was then decided to readjust the schedule and wait for Miss Corbett.

This delay was later offset by the fact that Miss Corbett, being word perfect in the part, required no rehearsals, and the production was soon up to time again.

## How film folk will spend Christmas Day

Continued from page 23

THIS seems to be a "Christmas at home" year. Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are to celebrate at Marwyck with Bob's mother and grandmother to share the feast.

Shirley Temple will spend the day at home with her parents and brothers. It will be something of a family reunion, for her youngest brother is coming home from Stanford University for the holiday.

She'll probably be whisked off to Palm Springs for a few days during the holidays, too, to recover from all the excitement.

Palm Springs and Lake Arrowhead seem to divide honors equally as favored Christmas resorts of the movieites. The one offers dry desert sunshine and swimming in the crystal pools of the Desert Inn and El Mirador, and the other, with any luck, thick snow and vigorous winter sports.

Palm Springs will probably find Merle Oberon and Alexander Korda as visitors, for Merle loves the warm sunshine of the desert.

An important part of Hollywood's Yuletide entertaining will centre around Westridge, the lovely home of Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and his wife. Westridge is rapidly becoming Hollywood's second Pleikfair, the social centre of the movie colony and scene of lavish parties, attended by "everybody who is anybody."

There'll be lots of Christmas entertaining at Westridge, but on the

Day itself the new member of the Fairbanks family, baby Daphne, will rule the roost. Daphne is a bit young to know what it is all about, but Doug and Mary Lee intend to make her first Christmas a memorable one for themselves if not for her.

The home of comedian Joe E. Brown and his family is always one of the nicest spots in Hollywood at this time. The routine is always the same. Presents are opened in the morning, then the whole family—mama, papa, the two big sons and the two little daughters—all go riding to get up an appetite.

The big Christmas dinner is served at midday, and at night there's a supper—almost as big. For this event the Browns gather in all the young people of their acquaintance who have nowhere else to go—mostly college pals of their sons, youngsters who have come away from home to attend the university and who might otherwise have a mighty lonely holiday.

And so Christmas comes to Hollywood—with all the excitement of a "gala premiere"—but it's a much more lasting excitement, for no one thinks of taking down the decorations or dismantling the tree until after the New Year celebrations—but that's another story.



• More secret service work: Jack and Cicely caution a slightly bewildered Tony Hayes. All three are from the original cast of the stage hit "Under Your Hat."



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## PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

### ★★ SPRING PARADE

(Week's Best Release).

Deanna Durbin, Robert Cummings, (Universal).

"SPRING PARADE" gives you Deanna Durbin in her first costume role. In the quaint head kerchiefs and voluminous petticoats of the Imperial Austrian peasant girl, Deanna looks lovelier than ever.

Her voice, heard in several catchy new numbers—notably "It's Foolish, But It's Fun"—and in "The Blue Danube" is tuneful and spirited.

Far less interesting than its star is the story. The adventures of an ingenious peasant girl (Miss Durbin) who steals a ride to Vienna on a baker's haycart, who stays to work in his bakery, and finds her love in a soldier-drummer-musical composer is all too familiar—and unreal—musical comedy stuff.

Pleasant performances are given by S. Z. Sakall as the kindly baker, and by Cummings as the would-be musical genius. But Mischa Auer, after one comic peasant dance with Deanna, is pushed off the screen before he has time to be funny.

"Spring Parade" is by no means the best of the Durbin films, by reason of its unimaginative story. But judged by any standard, it is a refreshing, useful musical, and it will please Deanna's fans.—State; showing.

### ★★ THE BLUE BIRD

Shirley Temple, Johnny Russell, (Twentieth Century-Fox).

MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S allegory of two children in search of the blue bird of happiness, and their inevitable discovery that happiness lies only in the unselfish human heart, takes lavish form in this technicolor production.

It gives you Shirley Temple and newcomer Johnny Russell as Mytyl and Tyltyl, the badly-behaved children of kindly woodcutter Russell Hicks.

Their search for the blue bird through the Past and the Future is championed by their Cat (Gale Sondergaard) and their Dog (Eddie Collins).

With its fairytale adventures, and easy-to-understand moral, "The Blue Bird" caters specially for the children. Fox has lavished care and money on its settings—a highlight of which is the lovely Future scene.—Embassy; showing.

### ★★ ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland (MGM.)

WHILE Mickey Rooney's portrayal of that irrepressible adolescent, Andy Hardy, is still one of the better things the screen has to offer, it is time the Hardy formula was changed.

It's getting monotonous.

In this film Andy is once again in the throes of girl trouble, gets into the usual financial mess, from which he is extricated by his father (Lewis Stone), listens to philosophical wisdom, also from father—this time with rather tedious emphasis on American democracy.

The story is centred on the problems of Andy and, to a lesser extent, of the Judge, to the almost complete exclusion of the rest of the Hardys.

Continuing her role of the love-lorn Betty from "Love Finds Andy Hardy," Judy Garland shares some of the limelight and puts over a couple of songs in her customary tuneful fashion.

Mickey's unerring performance and the mellow beauty and singing of Judy win for this film its two-star decoration. A repetition of standardised ideas, situations, and characterisation, it lacks the novelty that every new entertainment should have.—St. James; showing.

### ★★ CAPTAIN CAUTION

Victor Mature, Leo Carrillo, Louise Platt, (United Artists.)

THIS sea adventure was written by Kenneth Roberts, author of "North West Passage."

It deals with the war of 1812 — which means America fighting England. The film's producers have a difficult time dodging between the heroes and villains of their story—for they have to please present Anglo-American friendships.

Actual plot centres about one American ship. Its owner is a girl, Louise Platt, who hates the British because they killed her father: its mate, Victor Mature, is in love with Louise, tries to stop her from turning her ship into a privateer. The other man—and incidentally the most convincing person in the film —is Bruce Cabot, a virile scoundrel of a slave-trader.

Good in its action scenes, many of which are novel, and weak on its human interest, "Captain Caution" will please the adventure fans—and do nothing for its much-publicised hero, Victor Mature.—Plaza; showing.

### ★★ THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH

March of Time feature. (RKO Radio.)

IN its foreword to this most unusual full-length picture, March of Time explains that in an effort to solve to-day's grave problems America's citizens are drawing on the experiences of the last war.

So the film depicts in realistic detail the life of a small American town in the years 1914-1918. In its fiction and contemporary newswreels striking parallels between then and now are drawn.

Australian audiences will find the fiction interesting—although its deliberately American appeal and sharply localised approach limit its value as general propaganda entertainment. This is, however, found both in the contemporary newswreels and in the amazing "Baptism of Fire."

Two reels of this Nazi-propaganda picture, given to March of Time by the Canadian Government Film Commissioner, John Grierson, are incorporated in the picture—despite

## Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.



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## Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

DEANNA DURBIN has announced her engagement to Vaughn Paul, young associate producer at Universal studio.

Deanna, who turned eighteen this month, has known her fiance for over two years. They expect to be married in a few months.

CHARLES BOYER and Merle Oberon are helping the United States Government by appearing, without salaries, in a little short designed to show aliens living in the United States that there's nothing to be afraid of in the new law requiring registration and fingerprinting of foreigners.

Merle and Charles volunteered to go through the process of getting registered and finger-printed on a Warner Bros. sound stage while movie cameras recorded the whole business.

JOAN CRAWFORD, on a holiday in New York, spent every afternoon at the open-air ice-skating rink. Spectators did not realise that the beautifully clothed young woman doing fancy figure eights was the famous actress.

YOU'LL see the famous Marwyck Ranch, owned by Barbara Stanwyck and Mrs. Beppo Marx, when the new Jane Withers picture "Golden Hoofs" is released. The company spent about two weeks shooting outdoor scenes about the ranch, paying the owners over £100 a day for the privilege.

AS soon as she finishes "Kitty Foyle," Gladys Cooper will play an important part in "Lady Hamilton." Miss Cooper's appearance in a recent Hollywood production of Noel Coward's "To-night at 8.30" seems to have benefited her as well as the British War Relief. Her deft handling of a dramatic role made such an impression on the producers that she's been in demand ever since.

IRENE RICH passed out cigars on the set of "Keeping Company." Her daughter Jane welcomed a new baby, and Irene was celebrating.

THE music-room of May Robson's new home will be an exact duplicate of a movie set that you've seen in "Four Daughters," "Four Wives," "Four Mothers," et al.—the set representing the Lamp family living-room. May took an interior decorator out to see the set, and is having the decoration and furnishings copied exactly. "After doing housework in the room for four pictures, I've grown rather attached to it," she explains.

AFTER a three-year absence from the screen, comedienne Arline Judge will return to 20th Century-Fox to resume her movie career. When she left the studio to marry Dan Topping, Arline's contract had several months to run, so she's really just picking up where she left off. During her absence Arline divorced Mr. Topping, who later married Sonja Henie.



# On the Social Record

## by Miss Midnight

### Named the day . . .

TELEPHONE call from Meg Fowler Smith, of Dungog, to say she and Frank Arla have chosen the wedding day . . . January 9. Place, St. Philip's. Time, 4 p.m.

Pity to miss seeing pretty Meg in full bridal array, but she's decided on simple afternoon frock. Her sister Austrelle, who has just finished nursing course at Prince Alfred, will be only attendant.

Meg leaves town this week to spend Christmas and New Year with her family at house they have taken at Forster. Returning only just a few days before wedding.

### Twenty-one . . .

EVERYONE agrees at Bill Inglis' coming-of-age dance at Pickwick Club that Prairie Field, in her new pale pink model, looks exactly like lovely Old-World telephone doll. Dark-haired Josephine Hume striking, too, in brown-and-white Hawaiian print.

The Stan Cowards make special trip by car from Riverslea, Cowra, for the party . . . and to celebrate their horse Buckshee's win at Randwick. Incidentally, I hear that the Cowards are distantly related to Noel. They discovered this when they met in Shanghai some years ago.

Bill and his mother, Mrs. V. Inglis, will spend Christmas at Riverslea.

### Did you know? . . .

BY cable has just arrived news that Lieut.-Commander Freddie Norton Cook, R.A.N., has been presented to the King for "recent gallant action."

Kay Kavanagh returned from Matland on Thursday in time to celebrate birthday. Been recuperating with Dr. and Mrs. John Hollywood after appendicitis.

### Very young guests . . .

BEST fun of the week is the Bruce McWilliams' Christmas party for two-year-old daughter Jan. About twenty adorable infants, all dressed up in their party frocks, brought by fond mamas to the McWilliams' Vauchuse home.

Can't suppress mirth when young David Parker, asked if he wants to go on slippery slide, says loftily, "Oh, no, I've been on one before." The host, determined to entertain Master Parker, departs for a while and returns as Santa Claus . . . but David says he's seen him before, too.

Michael Bruxner, Morwena Hawker, Sammy McDonald, Ann and Dimity Davis, Sally Crossing, John Sullivan, Gillian and Jacqueline Brain are other young hopefuls more entertaining than entertained.

### Preview thrill . . .

MRS. A. C. GODHARD changes her uniform for black dinner frock and sleek monkey-fur jacket when W.A.N.S. directors entertain office staff and area officers at theatre and supper party.

Guests enjoy thrill of attending Australasian premiere of "Despatch From Reuters" at Warner Bros. theatre. Then on to supper at Women's Club.

Find myself a seat beside Mrs. Godhard in back row of tiny theatre. Mrs. Preston Stanley Vaughan there, too . . . a few seats away.

In uniform . . . Julie Seyler, Mrs. D. Williams, Mrs. E. Boulton, Mrs. W. Doyle, Mrs. B. C. Gillanders, Eileen Fox, Eleanor Icton Smith.

### Just out . . .

SUCH excitement . . . Verna Roos and Marjory Fraser say goodbye to schooldays at Pymble P.L.C. and become all grown-up next night for their coming-out party at Prince's.

Verna looks lovely in her first model frock — white organza sprinkled with gold tissue coin spots to match her golden hair. Brunette Marjory is attractive in heaven-blue. Their parents, Mrs. T. Roos, and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. P. Fraser, entertain at adjoining tables.

Majority of twenty guests also are "old" girls and "old" boys—but only a day old. From Pymble are Shirley Bradfield, Norma White, Cilla Melville, Joy Aboud, Nancy Miller, Kath Hunt. Also in the party . . . Rex Henderson, Tony Page, Tony Chisholm, Neville Ryrie, Stuart Gordon, Len Plasto, Tony Weller.

### Fresh paint . . .

DISTINCT aroma of new paint and sounds of distant hammering when I drop in at that lovely old mansion, Redleaf, for McLeish-Hamilton wedding reception . . . the first entertainment since Mrs. A. A. Hall leased it as social rendezvous.

Still much work to be done to reception-rooms, ballroom and gardens to have everything ready when Christmas parties go into full swing.

Reminding me of grand Redleaf parties not long ago when the Mackays were hosts is the old concert grand piano. Noel Coward will play it this Thursday at King George's Fund for Sailors' party.

Wedding only small affair . . . mostly Quambone McLeishs and Bucknells. Bride, Elsie Hamilton, wears white organza picture frock and wide-brimmed hat. So attractive as bridegroom escorts her across the old threshold.

Mrs. Wentworth Bucknell chooses soft blue romaine and large matching hat. Mrs. John Wilson smart in brown and pink.

### In Egg Pie Lane . . .

MY first Yuletide greeting is from Madge Elliott and husband Cyril Ritchard. And it reads as if they're living in a story-book world . . . except for an odd bomb or two.

Their charming address is "Appletrees, Egg Pie Lane, Sevenoaks, Kent." Enclosed is snap of Madge pushing wicker wheelbarrow full of tulips. "So many flowers in the garden," says Madge, "I have to wheel them into the house."

The cottage is in direct line of bombers as they head towards London, but so far has escaped injury.

### Heard around town . . .

JOAN MARKS is bursting into dressmaking profession this week. Artistic salon in town is decorated with hangings which graced her studio in Ceylon.

Mrs. Laurence Macdonald (former Eula Ross) is enjoying Army life at Bathurst. There to be near her medico husband, Major Macdonald.

The Doug Doyles go into residence at their Whale Beach cottage this week for holiday season.

Ena Edwards won diamond brooch in Red Cross art union.



● IN REDLEAF GARDEN . . . Charles Jones and Mrs. E. R. McKern arrive at Redleaf, Double Bay, for reception following McLeish-Hamilton wedding.



● BETTY JANE GRIBBEN deputises for Jill Robinson when Lady Wakehurst presents diplomas at Kieribilli Household Arts and Science School . . . Jill is home at Gundagai with mumps.



● SALLY, the 'Tom Crossings' adorable infant, is carefully rocked by David Parker at little Jan McWilliams' party.



● ESCORTED by her father, Mr. Stanley Dunn, Mavis Dunn steps from her car at St. Stephen's to keep her appointment with Paymaster Sub-Lieut. Allan Lloyd.



● CIGARETTE for Jeanne Miller at R.P.A. Hospital auxiliary's Christmas party at Rose's. Shirley Ann Richards (right), obliges with a match.



● "THERE'S A GOBLIN inside the toadstool," says Thora Hawkes, University Settlement Warden, to two doubling Brownies at Settlement Christmas party.



● MRS. CHARLES TODMAN and Mr. J. D'Arcy Irvine at party at the Australia . . . delighted with gifts brought for children of Fairbridge Farm and Furlough House.



● "DARLING, you're singing magnificently, better even than in London," says Noel Coward to Stella Wilson as she comes off stage at Melbourne Red Cross party.





She was  
an Ailing child

Now  
FULL of  
SPARKLE

Ann used to be "always ailing" until her worried mother sought advice. "It's just constipation," said the doctor, "give her California Syrup of Figs regularly. It's quite safe, because it's a natural laxative made specially for children." Now Ann is sparkling with health—and she just loves taking her Califig, it tastes so pleasant.

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## BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

### Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood, causing nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent and scanty passages with smarting and burning show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today—the remedy that will make you well and keep you well.

"THE most beautiful thing of all was my theatre," Babs' voice lowered. "No one else will have one with real footlights and changes of scene. Perhaps you didn't hear me say 'thank you' this morning with all the boys about-ling?" She was anxious.

"The most beautiful thing is yourself," He gave her a squeeze. "Let's go for a drive—just the two of us. Run and get your things on, dear."

He drove swiftly, without much sense of direction. Babs' small face turned up to his from time to time. He came to the conclusion that his sisters were growing older, and fretful with family cares.

He went on driving furiously away from it and from the memory of Nan's hostile face last night. "She's Faith Merrill," Nan had said. "Not for you, Kenneth. Not for you." Nan seemed to have been intent on protecting her friend from something. The girls had changed since last year, since July—or had the change been there before that?

Babs pressed her face against his coat sleeve and he summoned an uncertain grin for her.

"I must stop here, Babs, and telephone to London."

He was pulling up at a telephone-box. He was going to tell Joanna that he couldn't get back to town to-day. He simply must stay on here now to be with Molly and Nan. He had to stay on another account, as long as Faith Merrill stayed.

The first telephone call was attended to very quickly. He put through the second one, then spoke to his secretary.

"Happy Christmas, Mr. Lanning!" Her voice came to him cheerfully.

"Thank you, Miss Grey. Look here. What are we—what allowance are you sending my mother now?"

"What I've always sent—I mean for the last five years."

"I haven't ever increased it?"

"You never told me to do so."

"I know. I know."

He hung up the receiver slowly. His own income was five times what it had been five years ago, but he'd never changed the amount he sent home, or given it a thought. He frowned.

"My brother Kenneth," Faith said, and laughed.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm quoting Nan at school. We heard it for years on end, you know."

"And now you feel you've been let down. Well, that's life."

He was looking down at her, his elbow on the mantelpiece, his face warmed by the dying fire and by a heady, intoxicating something in his blood. The impossible had happened. The family had gone to bed, replete with Christmas, and at last he could talk to her.

"That Don't-Talk-Shop rule is so wrong and silly," She was looking into the fire. "You, for instance, do exciting things, and you won't open your mouth about them. All day I've waited."

It was exciting, Kenneth thought, the way they had slipped easily and naturally into friendly talk.

She was smiling and he smiled in return.

"I firmly believe it's time to go to bed," She stood up.

Their kiss in front of the fire was long and sweet.

"You knew that that had to be, didn't you?" he said.

"Yes, I knew."

"When?"

"Straight away, I think. From the time you came in at the door. In all the years since last night."

"What did you think?"

"I thought—her voice was low—I won't let myself."

"Yes."

He laughed easily. He was walking with her as far as the stairs then.

"Good-night, Faith."

"Good-night."

## Family Group

Continued from page 8

"For all the years until to-morrow?"

Their clasped hands broke and she was moving away from him, up the stairs.

"Yes."

Kenneth sat on in front of the fire. He was happy as he had never been happy before, awed and silent and dreaming.

There was the padding of slippers, and Harry came down in a shabby dressing-gown.

"Couldn't sleep," he said.

"Thought I'd make some cocoa."

"Good!"

Kenneth spoke mechanically and didn't move. Harry made the cocoa in the kitchen and brought it in. They sat quietly, and Kenneth was only remotely conscious of his brother-in-law's presence. When the cups were empty, Harry took them back to the kitchen and was out there for a while.

"Good-night," he said, passing through the room again. At the foot of the stairs he hesitated, and then went on up.

At half-past one Kenneth's own footsteps sounded on the stairs. He was struck by a worrying little thought at the top. Harry. When Harry came down, had he wanted to tell him something, ask him something?

It came to him with something of a shock that he didn't know anything about her. He didn't even know where her home was or what her family was like. She was Nan's age, probably about twenty-six. He was yet to have all the fun of finding out things about her.

Molly and Harry and the children were leaving immediately after lunch and preparations for their departure confused the morning.

"Why not wait until to-morrow, Molly?" He had followed her into the room where the tree was. She was on her knees, tidying up. "After all, it's still Christmas. Legally it is Christmas." His protest was abstracted.

"I know." She sat back on her heels. "But it's best to get the children home. We shouldn't have come, really, but Mother—well, you know." She'd been looking down and suddenly she looked up, troubled. "I don't know how to ask you, Kenneth. Could that fur cape be returned for money? It must have cost a lot. It isn't that I don't love it, but we do need money rather desperately just now."

Molly was twisting her hands and her voice was shaken.

"Of course it can be returned."

He looked at her in silence for a moment, trying to find his voice. Molly's face was turned from him now and she was trying desperately to hold on to her control.

"Sit down here, Molly," he said, thrusting her into a chair by the fire.

"Oh, don't! Don't touch me!"

"But let's be reasonable. Why wasn't I told, if you—"

"Why weren't you?" Molly had lost her battle for control and her voice rose high in hysteria. "Whoever sees you? Who would think you cared a hang about what happened to any of us? Didn't Harry try to talk to you last night? But could he? Oh, no! Smug and aloof and careful, safe in your own world. That's—that's you. Harry's heart's bad and his insurance premium will soon be due, and we have three children. We'll have four by the summer. Harry couldn't ask you for anything. Why? Why?"

"Molly, can't we discuss it quietly?"

"No, we can't. Do you know that Nan and Bill are giving up their home and moving here? Do you know why? Because Bill can't go on paying his share towards keeping Mother going. It's—"

"Will you please be quiet and listen, Molly?" He shook her slightly. "To keep Mother going, did you say? I send her money."

Not enough, I know now. But the house is freehold; she has dividends."

"She had dividends. Oh yes, the property is freehold, but after the rates are paid and light and fuel bills settled, what's left of your princely allowance? The bill for the new main drainage came in last year. Harry and Bill paid it, part of it. It was that radiogram that finished us off—Nan and me. There it stands! It must have cost a small fortune!"

Kenneth's face felt stiff.

"And mother loves it! It will be exhibited to all her friends to a chorus of 'my son Kenneth.' For some curious reason you're all she lives for."

Kenneth pushed his hair back and found moisture on his forehead. "Do you hate me, Molly?" he asked quietly.

He had to brush all the rest aside now and have the answer to this.

"Oh, no. We're proud of you." It wasn't Molly's voice. "Haven't you been waiting for years in the glow of our pride? My brother Kenneth!"

"Oh, Kenneth, Kenneth! They say you're brilliant, don't they? You're so brilliant you frighten us, and we can't talk to you. Where did you park your car when you were here for Mother's birthday in July? Do you remember?"

He remembered, and he turned to look at her. They had all had to park in a garage at the end of the road. All the long stretch in front of the house had been torn up to put in main drains.

"I see you remember now. You couldn't sleep the next morning because of the noise, you said. But you didn't offer to—"

"You're telling me I've been a stupid ass." His voice was low. "I have a lot of things on my mind. But that's no excuse. I'm sorry, that's all. I honestly didn't connect the road repairs with any expense to Mother, or—with anything in particular. You don't think much about road repairs when you live in a flat. Yesterday—this came harder—"

"I telephoned to my secretary to find out how much she was sending Mother nowadays. I didn't know. That sounds odd to you, perhaps?"

"Yes. But you live in a different world." Molly was quieter now. "I said too much," she stammered, "and not in a nice way. I'm sorry. Things have been very upsetting."

"Now that I know, things will be different."

It sounded inadequate, somehow. His back was turned to her again, and he was bewildered, silent. He heard the rustling of tissue paper and then at last he didn't hear it any more. Molly had gone.

He walked up and down in the deserted room. Cheques would put everything right. That was what cheques were for, but he'd be lying to himself if he thought that anything would be changed or restored. The room, with its garish children's tree, was empty of Christmas now. He was an intruder here. Perhaps he'd been an intruder for a long time, and hadn't known. He'd remained Kenneth to his mother, but for his mother nothing changed.

He went across the hall and into the dining-room. Faith was pale in her chair, looking at him.

"I'm so sorry." Her voice came at last, beaten. "I overheard—I couldn't get away! I hoped you wouldn't come in here."

Her voice stopped then, and she wasn't looking at him any more. Faith, too, had gone.

It was true that there was no way she could have escaped from the room without their seeing her. He admitted it to himself dully. Molly had launched her attack in a rush; he remembered that dully, too. Faith had hoped he wouldn't come in

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

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WEDNESDAY, December 18.  
Mr. Edwards, The Australian Women's Weekly Home Gardener—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, December 19.—June Marsden—Special Vocational Guide for Children. Zodiacal Gifts.

FRIDAY, December 20.—Highlights from Opera—Patricia Morrison.

SATURDAY, December 21.—Harmony Hotshots.

SUNDAY, December 22.—June Marsden—Astrology for the Business Folk—Gardening by the Stars, Special Christmas Story—"The Three Wise Men."

MONDAY, December 23.—Musical Mix-up—Patricia Morrison.

TUESDAY, December 24.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

here, but he had come in, walking dazedly, seeing nothing. He had the complete picture of himself now, with Faith moving out of the room, escaping from him, her white face carefully held away.

Molly's cheque he called a birthday gift, and his signature on it was a little uncertain. It wasn't Kenneth's usual crisp and determined one.

"I shouldn't take it, after that horrible bullying I gave you," Molly was pale and a little drawn after her outburst. "It was quite uncalled for. After all, as you said, there are simple English ways. I—I'm sorry I didn't tell you before, Kenneth."

"You were upset." He put an arm round her shoulders. "Faith heard you," he was thinking. He wasn't able to think of anything but that. "It's hard to accept money, Molly, but it's hard to give it, too. I don't know why. It's easier to give furs and radiograms."

"I wish you'd get Harry to come up and see Varner," he said aloud. "Will you do that?"

"Can I say to Harry—see Varner and send the bill to me? Can I stand up to Harry and say: 'Your suit's a disgrace, old man, and I have many surplus suits—help yourself?' No. Harry is two years older than I, and proud. So my part is a little hard, too, Molly."

Faith wouldn't know that. Harry gripped his hand at the car and said:

"Thanks, old man. Takes a load off our mind. I hope we—"

"Forget it, Harry."

He'd take Nan aside to-night and tell her about the account he was opening at the local bank for his mother. "So let's forget all that nonsense about you and Bill giving up your house," he could say. It was all easy enough, now that his eyes had been opened. He couldn't help Nan's and Molly's families over the bad patches, but his mother could. He had only to see that his mother had plenty of money.

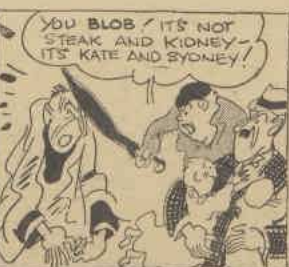
But Faith wouldn't know that. She went over with Nan to put their house in order for the family's return, and didn't come back.

"She had a telegram," Nan said evasively.

"It wasn't really a telegram, was it?"

"If Faith said it was a telegram, that's what it was." She was anxious for him to go now, for Christmas to be really over, things back in their accustomed groove. She listened patiently while he told her about his mother's account.

Please turn to page 30







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## Her Finger Tips Lift out Corns

Advice of chemist who knows how to wither up corns so they come out easily and painlessly.

"Yes, she was bothered with hard throbbing burning corns—but they didn't last long," said the chemist. If you are suffering from corns—take my advice and put a drop of Prozol-ice on them. Pain will go quickly—and the corn will wither up and then you can lift it out with your fingertips.

Go get a 1/6 bottle of Prozol-ice today from your nearest chemist or store and get rid of corns—cure and all.

# Women also Serve.

Turkey dinner  
for the troops



MRS. A. A. HEAD, Mrs. Roy McMorran, and Mrs. Halse Millett, of the Canadian Women's Auxiliary, with their poster at St. Andrew's Hut inviting men of the fighting forces to Christmas dinner.

## Feeding the fighting forces on Christmas Day

Thousands of Australian women will be helping super-intend two Christmas dinners next Wednesday—their own and one for soldiers.

**M**ANY of these voluntary workers who staff the canteens and recreation huts must fit in their home festivities to suit the schedule of their canteen job.

Others with husbands or sons away fighting are glad to be helping make it a merry Christmas for our fighting forces.

It will take their minds off the gap at the home table.

Mrs. N. Bladen, commandant of the group of women who will staff the Anzac Buffet in Hyde Park, Sydney, on Christmas Day, is one whose son is in camp.

"It would be a lonely Christmas for me at home," she says.

"The same applies to some of the friends who form my detachment of helpers at the buffet, and we shall be glad to make it a happy day for other women's sons."

Turkeys and plum puddings for the Anzac Buffet on Christmas Day have been supplied by the Lord Mayor's Fund and individual donations.

Mrs. Bladen and her helpers are bringing all the "trimmings" and ice-cream for the afternoon.

At night there will be a dance at the buffet.

As at other canteens where groups of women take turns at staffing them day by day, the group chosen to staff the Anzac Buffet on December 25 is that whose turn it would be in the ordinary course of events.

The Order of the Eastern Star (an organisation composed of women relatives of Masons) will be on duty

at the Women's All Services Canteen at Central Railway Station.

Headed by Mrs. E. Mathewson, this detachment of 160 workers will take the five shifts from midnight on Christmas Eve to midnight on Christmas night.

Ham and eggs will be served for breakfast, and from then on the menu at this canteen will be Christmas fare.

Members raised £30 for Christmas provender, and as well have many individual donations of cakes and puddings and poultry.

Workers are cooking and slicing the poultry at home and bringing it in ready to serve. As well as meals on Christmas Day, cigarettes will be given to soldiers visiting the W.A.S.C. canteen.

Decorations have come from Canada for the Christmas-tree at St. Andrew's Hut on Christmas Day.

Members of the Canadian Women's Auxiliary, with Mrs. Halse Millett in charge, staff St. Andrew's on Wednesdays, and have been preparing for the day for weeks.

### Turkeys galore!

**THIRTY** turkeys, 243lb. of Christmas pudding, and 700 mince pies are part of the food provided. The pudding took Mrs. Halse Millett and six helpers two days to make at her home at Wahroona.

The puddings were mixed in large enamel four canisters, and neighbors lent copper for the boiling.

One hundred and four women will staff three shifts. Several husbands are coming into town to carve poultry.

At 61 Hunter Street, the R.S.P.C.A. recreation-room, there will be a Christmas party this Saturday night.

Mrs. Alice Maitland, the entertainment organiser, and Miss A. G. Amsden have been busy shopping for the Christmas-tree for the party.

There will be 100 gifts—cigarettes, cigars, khaki handkerchiefs, razor blades.

Private G. N. Harding is coming from Bathurst on leave for the party, bringing his guitar and songs he has composed.

The Legionnaires, a camp concert party comprising a pianist, violinist, and singer, will also entertain the boys.

The mercantile marine is not forgotten. Christmas festivities at the Seamen's Institute begin this Monday and continue until New Year. Picnics are arranged on the public holidays, as well as picture parties and dances.

Christmas dinner will be held this Thursday night at 6.30 at the institute, because usually very few ships are in port on Christmas Day.

On Christmas Day itself there is a "sailors' tea" at 6 p.m.

### Social events for good causes

**DECEMBER 18.**—Children's party for R.A.A.F. Comforts Fund, Redleaf, Double Bay.

**Dec. 19.**—Noel Coward attends cocktail party in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors, Redleaf, Double Bay.

**Dec. 21.**—Children's party at Admiralty House, for Australian Mothercraft Society, Kindergarten Union, Sydney Day Nurseries.

**Dec. 21.**—Dancer, Mrs. C. P. Johnson's home, Edgecliff, in aid of Redfern Day Nursery.

**Dec. 23.**—Noel Coward matinee, Theatre Royal, for Bomb Victims' Relief Fund.

Whether abroad or in Australia, sick soldiers, sailors, and airmen will have parcels from the Red Cross Society.

Thousands of presents have been sent abroad to senior medical officers for distribution.

Each parcel contains biscuits, chocolates, raisins, handkerchiefs, playing cards, writing-pad, cigarettes, a book, and some chewing-gum.

Voluntary workers are packing hundreds of parcels for the 30-odd camp hospitals in New South Wales, as well as Red Cross hospitals and convalescent homes for soldiers of this war and last.

The City and Metropolitan Telephoneists' War Fund is sending £100 sterling to the British Bomb Victims' Fund. This organisation of Sydney telephone switchgirls has raised £1500 since its inauguration on June 1.

The Cheer-up Society has another 500 garments to be ready in Christmas week for forwarding to British victims of bombing. Only a few weeks ago they despatched 1000 garments.

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Silk Stockings

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TAN**

2/6  
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Simple to use but delightful in result, the Camilatone Beauty Routine is the answer to every beauty-loving woman's wish. Shampoo and rinse; the one to cleanse, the other to enrich the colour, brighten the tone and add new life and sparkle. Special Camilatone shampoo, complete with Tonrinz, for Blonde, Auburn, Mid and Dark Brown, White and Gold, at 6d. each from chemists, stores and beauty parlours. Additional Tonrinz, separately, 3d. each.

PUT SUNSHINE IN YOUR HAIR with  
**Camilatone**  
BEAUTY SHAMPOO & TONRINZ





**W**E went ahead on one engine, slowly, in the direction of Terschelling, and with the other engine we recharged the storage battery. I suppose the visibility was about two miles, but the fog was drifting in patches and it was never quite the same from one minute to the next.

The men were allowed to come up on the bridge in twos and threes for fifteen-minute periods to get a little fresh air and a smoke. Gilbert and the coxswain stood on opposite sides of the bridge, constantly sweeping the water with their eyes.

The helmsman still controlled the ship from below. The diving stations were fully manned and a listener was still at his post. After a while the captain had the forward ballast tank flooded. Trimmed down by the head, we felt our way in. If we found a seabank in the fog, we would be able to blow tanks and back off before we were hard and fast aground.

The listener was not very efficient under these conditions. It wasn't a surprise then that we saw our enemy before we heard him.

The coxswain reported calmly, "Something dead astern, captain."

"Down the hatch, all of you," the captain ordered abruptly.

I stole a glance aft as I made my way to the hatch. There was a spot in the mist, I thought, more dense and solid than the rest, but that was all. My feet had hardly landed on the control-room deck before the diving alarm blared and I saw Gilbert alarm the conning-tower hatch.

"Enemy submarine," he informed me, making for the periscope. "She swung around to the westward just before we dived, and I got a good look at her."

I was surprised at the change that had come over him. Under the tension of a submarine attack a man has a right to be short-tempered, but my irascible captain now seemed to radiate good nature.

"Right full rudder. Thirty feet," the captain ordered. "Going to close range if I can," he explained.

He ran up the periscope and peered intently through the eyepiece.

## North of Terschelling

Continued from page 5

"Can't see a thing," he muttered. "She either dived or the fog is thicker. . . . Take her down to sixty feet," he ordered the diving officer as he lowered the useless periscope. "Maybe we can pick her up on the hydrophones."

The ship slid downward to the ordered depth.

Suddenly the listener reported, "Torpedo!"

A second later we could all hear the whirr of the torpedo's propeller right through the hull plating. It must have passed directly overhead. Gilbert's decision to go to sixty feet hadn't been a moment too soon.

"Well, that one didn't have our number," the captain announced jubilantly.

Everyone had remained steady and unshaken at his appointed station, but I thought I detected in the faces about me those who shared the apprehension felt by myself. Indeed, the captain's spirits seemed to act as a barometer for the crew. As his affability mounted, their nervous tension seemed to increase.

"Two knots," Gilbert ordered. "See if you can pick up the sound of his propellers."

**A**LMOST as soon as the screws slowed down the listener reported, "Bearing one zero five, sir."

"Stop the starboard motor. Right ten degrees rudder."

He was going to bring the Searover around for a straight bow shot. With the uncertainty of range and of the speed and course of the target, an angled shot would be an almost certain waste of the torpedo. But to turn her took time.

We waited breathlessly for another shot from the enemy.

"Bearing eight zero."

"Get the tubes ready for firing. Depth setting forty feet."

"Bearing six zero, sir."

I suppose she was swinging fast enough, but to me the compass card seemed to be dragging slowly around.

"Bearing three zero, sir."

"Steady as you go."

The helmsman eased her rudder and steadied her on the course.

"Bearing two zero, sir."

She was crossing our bow from starboard to port, but at what depth, at what range and on what course and speed we had no way of knowing.

"Stand by to fire!"

"Bearing one zero, sir."

It would be blind shooting. There wasn't sufficient data to warrant the computation of a periscope angle.

"Fire One."

The listener could hear the noise of the torpedo's propellers as it sped away towards the target. It faded into the distance. Miss! It was too much to hope otherwise.

Then there followed more than an hour of waiting and listening. Occasionally the listener could hear the enemy's screws, but often the sound faded out entirely. Both ships were manoeuvring to get into position for another shot. Both were absolutely blind, each feeling for the other and listening for his antagonist's movement, like blind men groping for each other in a dark room. One single successful shot meant victory for one and death to everyone on board the other.

The captain took the sound receiver from the listener's ears and tried himself to pick up the sound our very lives now depended upon. Occasionally he stopped the Searover dead in the water. That would serve both to throw the enemy's listeners off the track and to reduce the random noise level in his own receiver. Apparently the German was trying the same tactics.

## Animal Antics



"And we'll open a restaurant and go fifty-fifty. I'll furnish the eggs, you furnish the ham."

Neither vessel could stay stopped very long. When the screws stopped, there was nothing to make the submarine keep her depth. As the way fell off the ship she slowly sank towards the bottom or just as relentlessly rose towards the surface. The diving officer frantically tried to maintain the depth, but there was little he could do.

To start a pump or to use the compressed air to transfer ballast would introduce another noise for the enemy to hear and to distract his own listener.

Neither vessel was able to track the sound of the other long enough to get into firing position.

The captain gave the earphones back to the regular listener. I could appreciate the struggle that must have cost him. Careful selection and constant training, I knew, had provided in the listener a man more adept with the sensitive apparatus than the captain was likely to be. Gilbert seemed to have complete confidence in his listener, but it must have been difficult to resign himself to the split-second loss of time it took the man to read his instrument and transmit the vital information.

It was becoming a battle of nerves, and Gilbert was the man to win such a battle.

To some extent, however, the German had the better of the situation. The captain's primary fear was that his antagonist might give up the contest and slip away from him. At any cost we must prevent that. The enemy had only the battle to worry him. If the German submarine could elude us he could count it a victory. For the Searover, the worst thing that could happen would be to allow an enemy submarine to get by and gain the crowded seas that lay beyond. For us there could be no drawn battle. It was either win or lose.

There was a considerable interval while the listener reported no sound. I found the periods of silence the most nerve-racking of all. Suppose the enemy had gained only a few thousand yards' distance, and even now was on the surface preparing to spread away and spread death and destruction to the cross-channel traffic. Thousands of men might die because of our failure.

Please turn to page 32

## DO YOU KNOW?

**DENTAL INSTRUMENT OF APOLLO**  
HUNG IN TEMPLE

**FORRESTUS** RELATES THAT AN **ODONTAGOGOS** (INSTRUMENT FOR DRAWING TEETH), WAS HUNG IN THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO. WARNING THAT SUCH AN OPERATION SHOULD NOT BE MADE UNTIL THE TOOTH WAS LOOSE ENOUGH TO YIELD TO THE SLIGHTEST PRESSURE. TOOTHACHE IS CAUSED BY **DENTAL DECAY**. **KOLYNOS** KEEPS TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN. FREE FROM DENTAL DECAY.

**MOTHER OF PEARL TEETH, PEARL**

THE NATIVES OF THE ISLANDS OF NEW BRITAIN HAD TEETH MADE OF MOTHER OF PEARL SHELL! THE SHELL WAS INSERTED INTO THE SPLIT GUMS. THE GUMS WERE THEN PRESSED BACK INTO PLACE WITH BAMBOO STICKS AND ALLOWED TO GROW OVER THE PEARL SHELL.

**DENTAL DECAY GERMS CAUSE "BACTERIAL MOUTH"**

DENTAL AUTHORITIES AGREE THAT DENTAL DECAY GERMS CAUSE "BACTERIAL MOUTH". KILL DECAY GERMS AND STOP "BACTERIAL MOUTH" BY USING **KOLYNOS**. **KOLYNOS** CLEANS TEETH SURGICALLY. **KOLYNOS** GIVES TEETH GLISTENING WITH-THRILLING NEW LOVELINESS. And remember - **KOLYNOS** LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTE. **SHOUL DURE ONLY 1/2 INCH ON A DRY BRUSH**.

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1 1/3 AND 2!**

## Family Group

Continued from page 28

"**T**HAT'S good of you, Kenneth," she said. "Yes, we had thought of moving here. It's awfully good of you. Mother wouldn't transplant well, you know."

"I know."

"I can't think why you want Faith's address," she said a little later, her tone worried.

"I do want it. I want it more than I've ever wanted anything," he had to tell her.

"She's going to sing at the Town Hall on New Year's Eve," Nan said at last, reluctantly. "She does sing sometimes for charity performances."

"It's her home address I want, Nan."

"It's in the telephone book, Walt, Kenneth." She twisted her fingers nervously. "Why—why don't you let Faith alone? She's had rather a hard time. At one time there was plenty of money in her family, and then her father died and there was no money, and now—"

He looked at her queerly.

"I'm not going to hurt her, Nan," he promised.

He let Faith alone for nearly a week, but it was because he hadn't the courage to do anything else. But he went to the Town Hall on New Year's Eve. He simply couldn't stay away any longer.

She came on the platform in simple misty white, and sang as softly and as easily as she had in the sitting-room on Christmas Eve. Kenneth looked at her as long as he could, and then sat with downcast eyes.

He could well believe that the audience was taking to her. That they should clamor for encores. What he couldn't believe was that she should come and sit at his side after her songs.

"I thought I should hear from you. Don't look like that, Kenneth—not now."

"How am I to look?" he said miserably. "I felt sure you wouldn't want to hear from me. You wouldn't look at me that day. You went away."

She was silent for a long time.

"You didn't see your face when you came into the room then," she

said at last, gently. "I did. I could see you had just come face to face with yourself and were hating the picture. The same thing happened to me some years ago."

"Do you mean you could forgive—all that?" His voice was humble.

"Yes, because I understand, Kenneth, don't you see? My father, the last years before he died—her voice lowered—"had terrible financial worries. I should have known, and I didn't. I went on in my senseless, extravagant way. Then he died and I knew, but it was too late. You have been luckier than I, Kenneth. Her mouth twisted a little. "Your family is still here."

This was a different smile from any he had had before. She was offering him what she had offered before in front of the fire at home. His hand went out slowly in the hush of low music to take it.

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# WRITERS IN THE STARS

## ASTROLOGY BY JUNE WARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society.

**Sagittarians** are kindly, generous, idealistic. They thrive on popularity and will go to any extreme to earn it.

If your birthday falls between November 23 and December 22 you are a Sagittarian and are represented symbolically by a centaur.

This mythical figure, half-horse and half-man, with the human portion represented by the head and shoulders and the animal the balance, implies that once the animal has been subordinated to the intellect Sagittarians can rise to great heights of mental achievement and grandness of character.

In addition, the centaur holds in his arms a bow and arrow, indicating that Sagittarians are of singular honesty of purpose, clear eye, and reasoning brain.

In this regard they often get (and earn) bad names for brutal, uncompromising frankness and insistence on the truth. They forget that in wallowing in the righteousness of their demands they hurt other people; that their desire for truth can be selfishly applied and bring great unhappiness to others; that their frankness can be objectionable if indulged carelessly, tactlessly or aggressively; and that out of it all they can develop into argumentative, perverse, and selfish individuals, killing off the friendships and affection they really desire.

Therefore, Sagittarians must never forget the symbolism of their sign. They must transcend the small things of life; cultivate the mind and develop reason instead of argument; generosity in place of extravagance, and tact and diplomacy in place of hurtful truthfulness.

### The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Love quietly for a while, and avoid upsetting any gains or securities established recently. Be especially cautious on December 22, 23 and 24 (morning).

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Good luck ahead. Very soon, however, advised on December 24 (p.m.), 25, and 30 (all 4 p.m.), so that difficulties or errors of judgment do not spoil later opportunities.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Continue to live with utmost caution on December 21 and 22 (very early), and with moderation on December 23 (p.m.), 24, and 25. Conditions moderate slightly on December 22 (after noon), 23, and 24 (early), for urgent things.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 21): This is not a time to be aggressive or careless. Difficulties, loss, opposition, partings, and worry are likely to be the lot of unwary. Caution, particularly on December 22, 23, 24, and 25 (late). Attention to routine is advised. Avoid change.

**LEO** (July 22 to August 21): Poor on December 24, 25, and 26, but if important matters necessitate attention, December 26 (late), 27, and 28 (just fair).

**VIRGO** (August 22 to September 21): You now have a chance to forge ahead. December 21 may produce opportunities, but do not trust them entirely, and do not be too aggressive. December 24 (afternoon), 25, and 26 (to 5 p.m.) very fair. December 28 (late evening), best. Work hard then.

**LIBRA** (September 22 to October 21): Difficulties, delays, worries, and argument may now mark your days unless you are wary. Observe caution on December 22, 23, 24, and 25 (evening). Avoid new ventures then.

**SCORPIO** (October 22 to November 21): December 24 (from 5 p.m. onward), 25, and 26 (morning) can produce modest benefits or opportunities, so work hard for the gains you want.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22 to December 21): Avoid unnecessary risks on December 21, then live moderately and try to consolidate past gains. December 26 (after 4 p.m.), 27 and 28 week, but friendly for urgent affairs.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 21): Get busy and stay that way now. Many Capricornians will enjoy general good fortune for a while. December 21 doubtful, but matters started then may prove fruitful later. December 22, 23, and 24 (early) poor; 25 (afternoon), 26 (late), 27, and 28 (evening), fair.

**AQUARIUS** (January 22 to February 21): Just a week of days for most Aquarians. December 22, 23, and 24 (morning), best, but not spectacular.

**PISCES** (February 22 to March 21): Continue to be extremely cautious on December 21 and 22 (very early), but December 24 (after 5 p.m.), 25, and 26 (morning), may produce modest opportunities and happiness. Work hard and wisely then.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Wardsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, is at Fort Radi, Central Africa, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant. They are helping **CAPTAIN TOD BROWNELL:** To put an end to the reign of **BESA:** A sorcerer of the Wambesh, who terrorises the tribe and who, by means of one of his "black magic" tricks, has killed Colonel Carr, commandant of the fort.

**LIBIE CARR:** The Colonel's daughter, and fiancée of Tod Brownell, has been threatened with the death of Brownell and Mandrake. Besa says he will kill Brownell from afar, and that he will die at sunset. Brownell begins to believe in the "black magic," but as sunset approaches Mandrake persuades him to eat his supper. **NOW READ ON.**



WITH THIS--CAPTAIN TOD BROWNELL DIES!

SUN-DOWN--AND BESA, THE SORCERER, THROWS THE LITTLE IMAGE INTO THE FIRE!



NAROB, BRING THE SOUP. TRY TO EAT SOMETHING, TOD. FORGET BESA.

I'LL TRY, LIBIE.

AND MILES AWAY, AT FORT RADI---



WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE, LIBIE?

THEY'RE BURYING THAT DOG THAT DIED HERE IN THE DINING-ROOM LAST NIGHT. YOU REMEMBER.



YES--I DO REMEMBER!

SOMETHING COMES TO MANDRAKE--IN A FLASH, HE GESTURES AND TOD'S SPOON, SEEMS TO JUMP FROM HIS HAND!



WHAT THE--?

TOD--DON'T TOUCH THAT SOUP!

AS TOD IS ABOUT TO DRINK HIS SOUP, MANDRAKE MAKES THE SPOON JUMP FROM HIS HAND!



NAROB, THE HOUSEBOY, SUDDENLY TAKES TO HIS HEELS...



NOT SO FAST, NAROB! WE WANT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BLACK MAGIC OF BESA, THE SORCERER!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

TOD, DARLING--THE SUN HAS SET! BESA'S BLACK MAGIC FAILED. YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!



BESA'S "BLACK MAGIC" WOULDN'T HAVE FAILED IF TOD HAD TASTED THAT SOUP. RIGHT, NAROB?

NO--NO--



FINE. THEN YOU DRINK IT!

NO--NO--



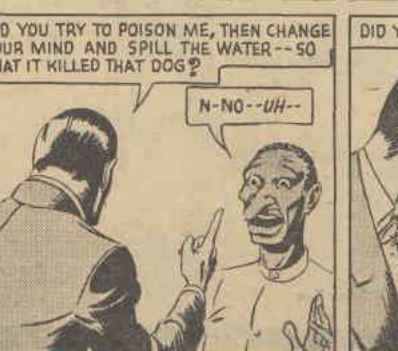
NOW, NAROB, I'M GOING TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS. FOR EVERY LIE YOU TELL, YOUR NOSE WILL GROW AN INCH!

MANDRAKE STARES HYPNOTICALLY AT NAROB, THE HOUSEBOY...



DID BESA, THE SORCERER, FORCE YOU TO POISON COLONEL CARR'S FOOD--KILLING HIM?

N-NO--UH--



DID YOU TRY TO POISON ME, THEN CHANGE YOUR MIND AND SPILL THE WATER--SO THAT IT KILLED THAT DOG?

N-NO--UH--



DID YOU TRY TO POISON TOD TONIGHT?

NO-NO--UH!

TO BE CONTINUED



## North of Terschelling

Continued from page 30

**S**UDDENLY the sound of propellers was loud in the listener's ears, coming from almost dead astern. She was close aboard, coming up fast. We could all hear her through the hull, but before anybody could do anything effective about it the hull rang to a mighty blow. The ship heeled over to starboard and I staggered to hold my footing.

We could hear the wild thrash of her screws. The hulls clashed again and again. The two submarines, groping for each other blindly in the gloom of the sea depths, had collided. Fortunately for the Searover the blow had been a glancing one. We had managed to come together on almost parallel courses.

"Stand by to fire!"

The screw beat was almost dead ahead now.

"Fire Two."

The torpedo sped off in pursuit of the fleeing enemy. For a time we held our breath, waiting for the explosion we hoped to hear. Miss again.

"Nice work, John," Gilbert found time to say to the diving officer, who was struggling to regain depth control. "Have a look through the ship and see if we have any bad leaks, Dave," he told the chief engine-room artificer.

Abruptly, while the screw beat was loud in the listener's phones, the sound stopped altogether.

"All stop," the captain ordered.

I am sure he was the first to figure out what had happened. The German had had enough. He had stopped and settled on the ocean bottom. There he would make no sound and it

would be impossible to find him. He would wait until the Searover grew weary of the search or until we drew far enough away to let him run for it.

"How about a game of cribbage?" he suggested as calmly as though we had been seated in the wardroom after some quiet peacetime dinner.

Two could play at that game. As long as the enemy was here on the ocean floor he could do no damage. The Searover settled down on the sand of the ocean bottom to wait for the German to make the first move.

On the bottom the Searover lay silent like a dead log. Every man remained at his station.

Back in the motor room there was

a slight trickle of water along the shaft stuffing gland, but no one suggested that we start a pump. The pounding of a pump would reverberate through the still depths like a signal to disclose our location. Up in the torpedo room two tubes were empty. The captain refrained from reloading them because of the noise it might entail. All conversation was carried on in low tones, as though we feared that even the sound of our voices would be carried out into the water.

The Searover swung slowly until she was parallel to the tidal currents. We could feel her scraping and bumping along the bottom. The diving officer flooded a few tons of water into the variable ballast tanks to anchor her. Then we waited.

**T**IME passed. The sun would be sinking in the west. The clock was all that told us the difference between night and day. The captain seemed absolutely imperturbable, but the nervous strain commenced to tell on me, as day faded into night. Could it be possible that the listener had failed us? A thousand possibilities went through my mind. Had I been in command, I know I would have succumbed to the temptation to do something.

The captain was made of sterner stuff. He must have read me like a book. Hence his amazing suggestion.

I concealed my surprise as best I could and went in search of the cards. Squatted on the control-room deck, the cribbage board between us, we played game after game. The cook served sandwiches and cold food to the men, who remained at their stations. The listener stood attentively at his instruments. In all that dead expanse of sea he could pick up no single sound.

For the first few games we stood about equal. I confess that at no time was I able to give the game my undivided attention, and for a while the skipper wasn't able to do much better. Then his game seemed to improve, and I was no match for him.

Some time during our cribbage match he had decided on exactly what he would do when the German made the first move. He had thought out all the details, weighed all the possibilities, and dismissed them from his mind. As we sat there playing cards he must have been quite sure that all of us had only a few more minutes to live.

Yet he was quite evidently enjoying the game. He groaned in mock anguish as it became evident that his hand would not count him out. "Just three holes to go," he remarked as he shifted the pegs.

"But it's my first count, captain," I countered in a weak attempt to meet his enthusiasm. "Better resign now. You lost your opportunity when you didn't make it on that last hand. I have more than enough right here to put me out."

"I'll peg out on you," the captain replied, rubbing his hands before picking up his cards.

"Nine," I called, playing a card.

"And seven is sixteen," the captain retorted.

"I hear a pump bearing three three zero," the listener reported.

"Very well . . . Your play, Orten."

The cards were ruffled and bent in my grasp. The suspicion that the captain had lost his reason under the strain crossed my mind.

"Eight for twenty-four," I responded to the captain's demand.

"She is turning over her propellers," the listener remarked.

"Blow Number Two main ballast," Gilbert ordered the diving officer.

"And seven is thirty-one for two, and I'll take those three points you failed to peg after you played the eight, Orten. Secure the air. All motors ahead. Open B Vent," the captain ordered in quick succession as the boat lifted.

"Cribbage is a game you have to give some attention to, Orten, my lad," the captain told me, rising from the deck. "Left rudder," he ordered as he took his stand directly behind the listener. "Secure the torpedo tubes."

The torpedo officer was as amazed at that order as I was. He seemed to hesitate for a brief instant before he hastened forward to obey. Soon there might be an opportunity to make an attack. There was a moment when I thought the captain was going to funk it and abandon the contest. Never again will I do him such an injustice.

"Three five zero, sir."

"Steady as you go. Secure all watertight doors. Stand by to ram!" "Stand by to ram!" the diving officer repeated with a shout.

There wasn't sufficient time for the crew of the Searover to realise the desperate nature of the captain's action. If he succeeded in ramming submerged, there was little chance that anyone in either submarine would survive. Captain Gilbert was determined that this one enemy would never get through, if he had to keep the Searover there to guard her through all eternity. There was no time to weigh the cost, no time to compute the possibility of rescuing his submarine after she had suffered certain damage.

Please turn to page 34



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## Should father stop girl using make-up?

It is certainly unusual, Veronica Price (30/11/40), for a father to stop his daughter from using cosmetics.

It seems hardly fair in these days when cosmetics play such a part in a girl's life.

One could, perhaps, understand a father taking exception to the excessive use of these aids to beauty, especially the "pillar-box" lips effect, or vivid carmine cheeks. But to ban a little cosmetic carefully used is going too far.

M. A. Whan, 2 Belmore St., Burwood, N.S.W.

## Must be honorable

It is a wonder that a girl who is forbidden by her father to use cosmetics does not do so unknown to him.

The fact that she obeys her father shows that she has a sense of honor and therefore could be trusted to use discretion in her make-up, as in everything else.

Cosmetics, used in moderation, improve a girl's appearance, and I cannot see the need for such parental measures.

Miss Pamela Dunn, 32 Ormond Rd., Elwood 83, Vic.

## Glamor out of place

I DO not believe that business girls should be glamorous, and perhaps the father has seen so many girls in business looking really hideous that he thinks he is saving his daughter from a similar fate.

I do think, though, that if he were to point this out to his daughter,



It's a mistake to apply make-up in public, anyway.

and allow her to use a little make-up, she would appreciate his gesture and not take advantage by overdoing it.

Miss P. Pooley, Connaught St., Sandgate NE7, Qld.

## Skillful application

CERTAINLY a father is unfair to forbid a girl to use make-up. We women know that cosmetics used sparingly but skillfully improve our appearance. When used so thickly that it is obviously unnatural, it is quite a different matter.

Mrs. E. McMillan, P.O., Glenhuntly, Vic.

## First merchant cargo

STRANGE for a business man to disapprove of make-up! Cosmetics figured in the beginnings of trade. In the 15th century B.C. Hatsheput, the Egyptian Queen who called herself "His Majesty Herself," because of her manly qualities, sent the first merchant fleet from Thebes to Arabia for cosmetics!

Hilder forbade make-up in Germany—which speaks for itself.

Mrs. B. M. Wright, 193 Mann St., Glenbrook, N.S.W.

## Aid to success

EVIDENTLY the girl's father fails to understand that if a woman feels she is looking her best it gives her poise and self-confidence. Skillfully applied, she can use cosmetics and still look natural, but without any beauty aids she is unhappily conspicuous.

To-day the general opinion is that cosmetics, used with restraint, help toward success.

Mrs. John Richards, Won Wron, Girraween Grove, Ashgrove, Brisbane.

## Quite right, too

REALLY, I am inclined to sympathize with the girl's father; he no doubt prefers natural beauty to artificial aids.

I, for one, would rather see a girl glowing with natural health than painted.

Besides, young people to-day have far too much of their own way, and it is a relief to hear that some parents at least maintain their authority.

Miss Sara Harvey, Angus St., Adelaide.

## ONE-SIDED ADVICE

WHEN giving advice to young married women, people invariably stress the importance of being bright and cheerful when husbands come home tired from work.

No one suggests that just for a change the men ought to come home happily and give fresh heart to their womenfolk instead. Why not?

Both parties have separate work and worries, so why should the woman be perpetually happy while the man may be cross and gloomy if he likes?

Esther McLennan, 213 Lyons St., North Ballarat, Vic.

## PLEA FOR PARENTS

MUCH has been written in recent years about the revolt of youth. Young people have rebelled against tyrannical parents trying to shape their lives for them.

Now the pendulum has swung so far towards the opposite extreme that we parents should revolt. Our children are using the home merely as a place in which to eat, sleep, and change their clothes before dashing off to some place supposedly more interesting.

While we do not wish to monopolize the society of our children, we are not entitled to a small portion of it?

Mrs. L. C. England, c/o Crees' Store, Bowen Hills N1, Qld.

## CROWDED TRAMS

MANY married women show a complete lack of consideration for business people by crowding the tram cars during the rush period in the evening.

With the whole day at their disposal they apparently find it impossible to catch a tramcar leaving the city a few minutes before the closing of business houses, with the result that many girls who have been on their feet all day are forced to stand during their journey home.

I have often seen tired business girls surrender their seats to middle-aged shoppers, picture-goers, or bridge players.

Miss N. Ingleby, P.O., Lower Mitcham, S.A.

## FAMILY JEALOUSY

IT is a great pity to allow jealousy to creep into the family circle where children are concerned.

Because her children may be less attractive than the child of a relative, a mother may feel jealous and act spitefully towards the more attractive child.

This may not only cause unhappiness to the child, but might also make it self-conscious and conceited, as well as distressing her own children.

Mrs. F. Mills, Hillgrove, Kent Farms Rd., Campbelltown, N.S.W.

## BACK TO BOOTS

WOULDN'T it be a good idea if men discarded shoes and reverted to boots?

It would make less work for the housewife, who is continually darn-ing socks at the heels. Socks would last longer, too.

Men's ankles ought to be covered, as they are not too elegant.

Mrs. H. Smith, 23 Tyrone St., South Yarra SE1, Vic.

## NOT ORIGINAL

ALTHOUGH Australians are a good race they appear to have a lack of originality and a lazy outlook.

They are content to follow the leader with other countries in their customs, and so on, and even among themselves there is little real competition.

Many say the reason is the climate of Australia.

One would think that now the root of the trouble is known Australians would try to make their people superior, or at least equal, to other nationalities.

Miss D. Rigby, 115 Dolphin St., Coogee, N.S.W.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

## FREEDOM MORE THAN GOLD

MANY of us know the story of the old cobbler who was offered a large sum of money by a wealthy neighbor if he would stop singing while he worked.

The cobbler accepted the money, and for a while did not sing while working.

Very soon he found it was an effort to work while he could not sing. So he went to his neighbor and returned the money, for he would rather have his freedom than any amount of money.

Could we not compare this fable with the people of the British Empire to-day?

We know that not for a moment would they be bribed into throwing away their happiness and freedom. They will fight until a new and better world arises.

£1 to Miss M. Davis, 25 George St., East Melbourne C2.

## Prefer Empire unity in decorations

I DO not agree with A. Thornton's suggestion (30/11/40) that Australia should institute a new award for bravery in this war.

We are linked with the whole Empire, and we share the same forms of award just as we share the burdens, the losses and the gains.

Miss K. G. Porter, Jandowae, Qld.

## Better as it is

OUR men are fighting not just for Australia, but for our King and the British Empire.

It is our privilege to belong to the Empire, and I think a separate award unnecessary, and doubt if it would mean as much to the recipient.

G. Oakes, Lade St., Gaythorne NWS, Qld.

## FRIENDSHIP LAPSE

I HAVE often heard that after marriage friends are forgotten, and the fault is due to the newly-married pair.

Yet, in all the cases I have met, my own included, I find the couple not to blame.

Since my marriage three years ago, my husband and I have repeatedly visited our friends and received promises of return visits which have never been kept.

We know they have their own pleasures and interests, but surely they could occasionally visit the friends they used to see so frequently before marriage.

Mrs. E. Bell, P.O., William St., King's Cross, N.S.W.

## BOW AS GREETING

ONE old-fashioned custom worth reviving is that of the art of bowing when meeting an acquaintance or being introduced to a person of the opposite sex.

Our young Lochinvars of to-day would laugh at the idea of bowing in acknowledgment of a fair charmer's greeting, yet it would be much better than the casual "Howdy" that she usually receives.

Mrs. L. Bell, Airlie, 74 Trenerry Cres., Abbotsford W3, Vic.

## NOT CONSISTENT

WHEN one analyses the question, it is found that mothers are very inconsistent.

The majority of them resent, perhaps bitterly, the fact that their sons fall in love and marry, yet they want some men to love, marry, and care for their daughters, seeming to forget that their daughters may receive the same cool welcome that they extend to their sons' choice.

J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E5, Vic.

## WHY CHAMPAGNE?

IN war time we are urged to economise. Why not cease wasting expensive champagne on a ship's christening? Champagne, indeed! What would be more appropriate than a bottle of water from the place where the ship is launched?

The cost of the champagne would buy a war savings certificate.

Mrs. Ireland, Lenaville, Badgery Cres., Lawson, N.S.W.

## Holiday in tent versus house or hotel

A VACATION in a tent may be an escape from housework for a few weeks, Miss Crossley (30/11/40).

But I for one prefer a comfortable bed and food without flies and dust, also, the privacy of a house, even if it does mean a few hours' work a day.

A. M. Dow, 48 Queen St., Maryborough, Qld.

## Prefers caravan

WHEN people go on holidays they usually need a rest.

When they "rough it" in tents they have to contend with flies and ants, and should it rain everything is very unpleasant.

Personally, I like a holiday in a caravan or a nice little bungalow. The modern caravans have every convenience, and one is usually happy and fit after such a break.

Miss R. Kenny, P.O., Rocklyn, Vic.

## Must have comfort

CAMPING joys are in proportion to the comfort of the tents and bush-lure of the campers.

A very happy holiday may be spent when the tent is waterproof and the cooking equipment adequate.

But while I enjoy a tent holiday in the wilds, I certainly don't in a community on a campers' reserve. Privacy is then almost impossible.

Miss J. Roberts, Frankland St., Launceston, Tas.



If your tent isn't well pitched, you're bound to long for a house.

## Hundreds of campers

SURELY, Miss Crossley, many people like camping. I wonder if you have been to any of the many camping areas either in the country or at the seaside. In the summer especially, these places are crowded.

I do not think many old people enjoy roughing it, but I'm sure hundreds of young people think it is the only life—I do.

Miss R. Batchelor, 15 Ewos Pde., Cronulla, N.S.W.

## Quick tricks for good grooming

113. "There's nothing like 'Vaseline' Jelly to smooth and soften a rough, dry neck."  
Mrs. Hill, Pine Street, Randwick, N.S.W.



115. "Before morning, rub a little 'Vaseline' Jelly on the lips to prevent them from cracking."  
Miss D. Grimson, Reid's Flat, Boroona, N.S.W.

116. "I have a very sensitive dry skin, and I find that 'Vaseline' Jelly rubbed on my face every now and then is very soothing."  
Mrs. C. Ford, Fraser Terrace, Highgate Hill, Brisbane, Queensland.

114. "Rub 'Vaseline' Jelly well into the cuticles to prevent them becoming ragged and the nails from breaking."  
—Mrs. Wethered, Glen Oak, Scone, N.S.W.

117. "Apply 'Vaseline' Jelly to arms, legs and back before sunbaking or sunning, to promote an even tan and save sunburning."  
—Mr. Wilson, Woodgee Street, Currumbin Beach, Q.



WE WILL PAY £1 to anyone sending in uses of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion together with the label from a jar of genuine "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly to Chesham, Dept. A13 Box 1131, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
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WHITE—8d. and 1/3d. per jar.  
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A10



## North of Terschelling

ALL that was behind him. He had made his decision. He knew how infinitely small were his chances of survival. There were four torpedoes in the tubes set off the half ton of high explosive. It would blow us all to kingdom come. But the enemy would go with us. It was on the slight chance of preventing the detonation of the torpedoes that he had secured the tubes.

"Forty feet." He would still have to guess at the depth, but he banked all his chances on the probability that the German would rise rapidly to periscope depth and pause there before surfacing.

The enemy seemed to be crossing very slowly from port to starboard. He was close enough for us all to hear his screws.

"All motors, full speed ahead."

As the captain hurled his ship and crew through the water as a missile, he was afraid only that he would overrun or underrun his enemy and that she would receive only slight damage. Where the Searover struck would be largely a matter of chance, yet upon that depended who would receive the most damage from the collision.

"Tell the motor room to give me everything they've got without blowing the fuses."

I saw the captain grasp a

stanchion and brace his feet for the shock. For a breathless instant I thought we had missed. Time seemed to stand still.

Then chaos broke loose. There was the sound of a mighty crash up forward. The Searover was trying to stand on her nose. Men were thrown to the deck in hopeless confusion. All the loose gear came down like a house of cards. The lights went out. The gyrocompass sheared its foundation bolts and came writhing down like a live thing, crushing and grinding the helpless men on the deck. The captain somehow managed to keep his feet.

"Keep the motors full speed ahead!" he shouted above the din. At that moment, if he had known, there was no way to stop them. The electrician was scrambling in the darkness on the floor plates where he had been thrown by the shock of the collision.

The other submarine was hanging on our bows like a dead weight. The Searover was pointed down at an angle of thirty degrees. The captain was taking no chances of his enemy escaping him. He was going to carry the German to the bottom and there grind him to pieces against the sand like some gruesome sea monster with its prey.

Almost immediately the screws broke the surface. We could feel the whole ship vibrate and tremble as the propellers, pitched high out

of the water, impotently fanned the air. It was as though the Searover shivered and shook with fear of the fate that was overtaking her.

"All motors stop!"

The electrician would be doing his best to stop those wild vibrations before that order reached him. In the darkness, and with the steep angle on the ship he must have had a terrific struggle with the controllers. Then the shuddering of the Searover ceased as the motors stopped.

Our momentum and the weight of the enemy was still carrying us downward. There was another shock, not so violent as the first, but it scrambled men and wreckage together again in tumultuous chaos. We had hit the bottom, the enemy still locked across our bows.

Someone succeeded in turning on an emergency light. In its feeble gleam men were trying to regain their stations, scrambling over the wreckage of gear that had been the control room.

WATER spurted from half a dozen leaking rivets. One of the depth gauges had been carried away. A small but solid and powerful stream of water spouted from the broken fittings clear across the control room. It hit the interior-communication switchboard. Short circuits danced across its face like lightning flashes. The banister wall of the short-circuited diving alarm added to the confusion.

The Searover was stopped, her bow a hundred and twenty feet deep, buried in the hull of her enemy, her stern high in the air above the surface of the sea. Slowly I came to the realisation that I was still alive. The torpedoes hadn't detonated. The Searover had taken the shock of the impact on her sturdy bows. The hull seemed to be still intact.

The crew were trying desperately to regain control and restore some kind of order. Men pulled themselves erect on the sharply-inclined deck. A few more of the emergency lights were turned on. The scream of the diving alarm was stilled. In the sudden cessation of noise we could hear the screws of our adversary frantically struggling to get free. We could even hear them trying to blow their tanks, but soon sounds of life in the stricken ship ceased. We had won.

"Blow forward main ballast!"

With his purpose now accomplished, the captain was trying to extricate his ship and crew from the predicament into which he had plunged them. The engine-room artificer, who had the air manifold, was trying to make a broken leg sustain him as he crawled and wriggled toward his station. I reached it first. In the semi-darkness my uncertain fingers found the valves. The hiss of air told me that the lines were still intact and that air was going through the valve.

For a long time she hung there at that sickening angle. There wasn't time to find out how much damage the Searover had sustained. We must get her to the surface if we could. I wanted desperately to live, to get the ship to the surface and breathe fresh air again.

Suddenly she lurched free of the dead weight on her bow.

"Blow all main ballast!"

Willing and more experienced hands were now helping me at the air manifold. She was coming up. She was on a nearly even keel.

"Secure the air!"

I saw the captain struggle up the ladder to the conning tower, climbing over the wreckage that was strewn everywhere. A puff of air swept past me, and I knew the hatch was open. No water came down. We were on the surface.

"Get the coxswain up here to wipe the oil off the bridge rail," the captain snarled down the hatch, "and tell Mr. Orten he can get a bearing on a light if he can get up here right away."

When I reached the bridge I found that the fog had lifted. Dead ahead of us was Terschelling, lit up like a Christmas tree, probably for our late antagonist. The smell of fuel oil was everywhere, but the sea breeze was sweet in my lungs. To starboard the sea bubbled and frothed white. Down there, twenty fathoms deep, was one German submarine that would never harness the cross-channel traffic.

(Copyright)

Continued from page 32

## Confided to their diaries

### New 2GB session

In the new afternoon teatime entertainment from 2GB, the dramatist has set out to reconstruct the stories that women confide to their diaries.

APPROPRIATELY titled "Leaves from the Other Woman's Diary," each story tells a gripping episode of some cross-section of life as the world's women knew it. Here, then, are stories of pathos, triumph, love, terror and disillusionment.

The series consists of 52 episodes in which the whole gamut of the emotional life of women is covered.

The series raises many problems which women to-day are frequently called upon to face.

There is, for instance, the story of Jane Harrison.

Jane fell in love with Doctor Gill, but he was interested in nothing but his work.

In despair she got herself engaged to a man she didn't love. When he was badly injured she had to keep on pretending to love him in order to save his life.

But even the worst misunderstanding clears up in the face of real love, and so it was with Jane Harrison.

The story of Odette Gautier raises a question which has come into much prominence in recent years.

Odette is a Frenchwoman, married to an Englishman. The French relations did not approve of the Englishman, and the English relations did not approve of the Frenchwoman.

Can such marriages bring happiness?



PETER BATHURST, popular young radio actor, who comperes the new military camp broadcast, "Ask the Army," from 2GB on Monday nights.

Those who have longed for a career on the stage will find a solace in the story of Diana Maynard. Once a struggling actress, deeply in love with her husband, she finds as she progresses on her glamorous career that she has little time for her husband. It took the shadow of tragedy to bring her to the realisation that love is more important than a career.

Many well-known Australian actresses and actors portray the large gallery of people who move through the pages of "The Other Woman's Diary."

This series, rich in interest for every woman, commences on 2GB on Tuesday, December 24, and will be heard thereafter every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 4 p.m.



... with the soap that leaves skin smooth, soft, fragrant

A bath with Lux Toilet Soap is a luxurious top-to-toe beauty treatment, because Lux Toilet Soap is supercreamed—rich skin cream actually blended into each tablet. The new long-lasting tablet is very economical ... and its fragrance lingers to keep you adorable.

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**The real-life problems of people like you and me**

**"TODAY'S CHILDREN"**



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# The Homemaker

December 21, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

35

## HOME FACIAL...and manicure

● Special 20-minute rejuvenating treatments for face and hands. They will make you look your loveliest for those "specials" in your list of holiday engagements.



FIRST cleanse your face with cream or lotion to remove all dust and grease.



APPLY SKIN FOOD and massage gently to smooth out any facial lines.



FOR EYE SPARKLE, apply pads soaked in eye lotion to the eyes, and rest awhile.

**F**IRST your face. Give it a thorough cleansing with cream or lotion.

Next spread a thin film of a feeding cream over your face and after two minutes wipe it away with a fresh tissue. Dip your fingertips deep into the jar and coat your skin with a second thick layer of the cream, all over your cheeks, forehead and neck.

With a thumb on each temple stroke your fingertips across the horizontal forehead lines, too, across the frown between the eyes. With three middle fingers circle gently up the laughing lines beside your mouth.

Stroke with the tips of your fingers, light as a butterfly's wing, under your eyes towards your nose, outwards across the lids. Soak a tuft of cotton-wool in skin tonic and wipe the cream from your face.

Now your cool, clean skin is ready for a whitening tonic face mask.

By JANETTE

which you can obtain from your chemist or at the cosmetic counter of your favorite store.

Spread the mask thickly, lean back in a comfy chair or lie down on your bed, close your eyes and give yourself a rest for 10 to 15 minutes.

Wipe the mask away with a skin tonic, or wash off with lukewarm water, according to directions on the package, finish with a splash of cold water and your firm, unlined skin is ready for its make-up.

Make tired eyes wide and sparkling again, iron out tiny crow's-feet lines with a special treatment.

Sprinkle pads of cotton-wool with a soothing eye lotion, close your eyes and press the cool, damp pads firmly on your lids.

Lie back with your head turned away from the light, and rest for 10 minutes, turning the pads over as soon as one side is dry. While you're letting the face mask dry is a good time for this eye treatment.

Now for your hands.

Remove the old varnish with an oily remover. File your nailtips to a shape that follows your fingertips. Next scrub a foamy lather over the cuticles and nailtips, whitening and cleansing them with a rubber nailbrush.

While the cuticles are still soft, dip an orange stick topped with cotton-wool into cuticle remover and work very swiftly and gently round the cuticle and under the tips. Rinse and dry your hands and smooth the nailtips with a fine emery-board.

Now that the nails are beautifully clean, rub cold cream into your hands to take away redness or rough skin. Or, better still, apply some of your facial mud pack. Coat each hand lavishly with the mud from tip to wrist, and let them hang limply over

the back of a chair till the pack dries. When the skin has tingled and the pack begins to flake off, soften and rinse away the mask with lukewarm water.

To finish, first give each nailtip a thin coat of colorless polish foundation and let it dry before you

apply the varnish. This helps to keep the varnish from chipping.

Use a varnish that takes longer to dry but lasts twice the time. Apply the varnish in three quick strokes from half-moon to tip. Cover the half-moon if you want to make the nails look longer.

## Just a Pretty Stranger — in her own Home Town



No girl need risk popularity! MUM every day prevents underarm odour—guards charm!

PEG couldn't help being envious — they were having such fun, and she was so lonely. "I'll leave this old town, then I'll be popular," thought Peg. But Peg, others will neglect you wherever you go — if you neglect underarm odour.

Like Peg, we seldom know when we are guilty of underarm odour. How much wiser to play safe — each day — with Mum! Don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath removes past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odour before it starts.

Wherever there is social life, popular girls use Mum. And more use Mum than any other deodorant.

MUM SAVES TIME! Just 30 seconds, and underarms are fresh all day.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum won't harm any fabric. Safe for skin, too — even after underarm shaving!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum makes odour impossible — not by attempting to prevent perspiration — but by neutralizing the odour before it starts. More women make a habit of Mum because Mum keeps you popular everywhere — with everyone. Get Mum at all chemists and stores. Prices 9d., 1/6, and 2/6.

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM



Another Use for Mum Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry



MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

EXQUISITE HANDS, beautifully groomed like these, and face cleansed, nourished, and perfectly made-up are essentials if you want to feel and look lovely for those holiday parties and other functions ahead.



THREE STEPS in hand grooming: 1. Remove nail varnish and cleanse nails with lathered brush. 2. Some of the face pack you used on your face will also help to whiten and soften your hands. 3. Apply nail varnish in three deft strokes from half-moon to tips.



The Lotion in the Round Bottle with Orange Label OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES



Be sure your Gift  
will be really welcome

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## Here it is—a traditional CHRISTMAS DINNER

● For those who like to celebrate Christmas Day with a hot dinner—poultry, puddings, and all the other items and trimmings—our cookery expert has arranged a special menu together with recipes for preparing the complete Yuletide meal.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE Christmas dinner menu given below includes everything from "soup to nuts," and recipes for all the main dishes are given.

If you follow instructions carefully you should have no difficulty in preparing the meal, which is elaborate enough to excite both family and guests.

Recipe for a Christmas pudding is not included, as recipes for various puddings were given on this cookery page in a recent issue. However, it is suggested as a change that small individual puddings might be served.

### HOT CHRISTMAS DINNER MENU

Hors-d'oeuvres and Cocktails and Spiced Fruit Cup.  
Asparagus Cream Soup  
Roast Fowl Imperial  
Plum Pudding with Hard Sauce and Clear Brandy Sauce  
Charlotte Russe Ice Cream Meringue Basket  
Salted Almonds Fruits and Nuts Coffee



SOME of the dishes in the menu for a hot Christmas dinner given on this page.

#### SPICED FRUIT CUP

Two cups orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup pineapple juice, 2 cups water, 6 whole cloves, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, 2 large bottles ginger ale.

Combine orange juice and rind, lemon juice and rind, pineapple juice, spices, sugar and honey. Warm the 2 cups of water and pour over juices and spices. Cover and allow to stand in a warm place for 2 hours. Strain through muslin, over cracked ice. Add iced ginger ale and serve at once.

#### ASPARAGUS CREAM SOUP

One small tin of asparagus, 1 pint chicken stock, 3 pieces of celery, 1 small onion, 1 white turnip, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 gill cream, salt and cayenne.

Cut tips off asparagus and put aside for garnishing. Cut stalks into inch lengths, cut up vegetables roughly and put in an enamel saucepan with stock and boil together slowly for one hour. Rub through a sieve. Melt butter in the saucepan, add flour, salt and cayenne, stir till smooth. Pour in the soup gradually, and stir till it boils and thickens. Add cream off the stove and do not allow soup to boil again or it will curdle. Put 3 or 4 asparagus tips into each soup coupe and pour the soup over them.

#### ROAST FOWL IMPERIAL

One fowl, prune and bacon seasoning, 12 saute potatoes, 3 large tomatoes, sherry gravy, bread sauce, prune and bacon rolls.

Seasoning: One bacon rasher, 4 chopped prunes, 1 teaspoon mixed

herbs, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 egg.

Cut prunes and bacon into small pieces. Add to breadcrumbs, herbs, and salt. Rub in the butter and mix to a stiff paste with egg.

To Stuff Fowl: Place seasoning in front of neck, fold skin over, press into a neat plump shape, and truss. Cover with greased paper and bake in a hot oven 1½ to 2 hours, according to size and age of fowl. Remove paper half an hour before dishing, baste well and allow to brown evenly.

Sherry Gravy: One tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 pint chicken stock (made from giblets), 3 tablespoons sherry.

Sprinkle flour into baking dish after pouring off roasting fat. Brown well, add stock, salt and pepper. Boil 3 minutes, strain, and add sherry just before serving.

Saute Potatoes: Cut potatoes into small even-sized pieces after peeling. Parboil for five minutes, drain well. Wet fry in running fat until a golden brown.

Saute Tomatoes: Cut tomatoes into halves, sprinkle with salt, pepper and very little sugar. Place on a shallow dish and cook in oven until soft.

Bread Sauce: Two tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1 small piece onion, 1 blade mace, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon cream, 1 teaspoon salt.

Boil milk, add onion and mace, simmer for three minutes. Strain, return milk to saucepan, add crumbs, beat well with a fork, leave with lid on saucepan for five minutes, add butter and cream. Serve in sauce-boat.

Prune and Bacon Rolls: Remove stones from 6 soft desert prunes and wrap each in a piece of bacon

about four inches long, fasten with a toothpick. Place

on a shallow tin and bake slowly until bacon fat is clear and crisp.

To Serve Fowl: Place fowl on a large meat dish. Arrange saute potatoes and tomatoes around it, and put a prune and bacon roll on each tomato. Garnish with parsley. Serve sherry gravy and bread sauce separately in sauce-boats.

#### CHARLOTTE RUSSE

One packet raspberry jelly crystals, 1 pint milk, 1 gill cream, 7 or 8 sponge fingers, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 gill sherry.

Pour sherry over jelly crystals and add boiling water to make one pint of liquid in all. Line bottom of a plain charlotte russe mould, or a straight-sided basin (1½ pints capacity), with jelly one inch in thickness and allow to set. Trim sponge fingers and line sides of mould, wedging fingers well together so they will fit tightly. Have gelatine soaked in milk and warm it slowly until dissolved (being careful not to curdle it). Add whipped cream, sugar and vanilla and, when nearly set, pour into centre of mould. Place in refrigerator until quite set. Trim sponge fingers level with top of mould. Turn out onto a flat glass plate and decorate with chopped jelly and whipped cream.

#### SALTED ALMONDS

Four ounces almonds, 1 dessertspoon powdered gum arabic, salt.

Dissolve gum in water after soaking. Blanch and dip almonds in dissolved gum arabic, drain, and place on a buttered enamel plate. Sprinkle lightly with salt. Place in a moderate oven until a light brown shade. Sprinkle again with salt, and serve cold.

Continued on page 39



### Pickles of Quality

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Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

So get busy now with pen and paper and send us that favorite recipe of yours.

### NEAPOLITAN TRIFLE WITH BRANDIED CHERRIES

Heat 1½ pints of milk, pour it on to 2 egg-yolks beaten with 2oz. castor sugar. Stir till it thickens. Divide in three portions. To one portion add 1 teaspoon cooking sherry and a few drops of cochineal; to second portion add 1 dessertspoon melted chocolate; and to the third portion add 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Soak a sponge cake with sherry, divide into three layers. Place one layer in serving dish, cover with sherry custard, place soaked sponge layer on top, spread with chocolate mixture, cover with another sponge layer and top with vanilla custard. Chill thoroughly. Spread with whipped cream and serve with:

**Brandied Cherries:** Place a small bottle or tin of preserved cherries in a saucepan with 1 tablespoon of brandy. Heat well. Set the brandy on fire. When the flame has died down add 1 tablespoon sherry. Serve the trifle with cherries around it.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Knight, 80B Westbury St., E. St. Kilda, Vic.

### CUCUMBER SOUP

Peel and cut up into small pieces 1 cucumber and put in pan with 2oz. butter and 1 large onion. Cook with

RECIPES from our readers, selected by our cookery expert as the best for the week in our popular recipe competition. A delicious trifle wins first prize of £1.

lid on over gentle heat for ten minutes, shaking the pan frequently. Then mix in 2 tablespoons ground rice (dry). Add 1 quart light stock and a small bag of herbs (little parsley, 3 cloves, few peppercorns, blade of mace, sprig of thyme). Simmer for half an hour and lift bag of herbs. Rub through sieve and add 3 gill of milk or cream. The herb bag gives a delicious flavor.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Clarke, 56 Oakover St., E. Fremantle, W.A.

### SPICED BANANA TEA CAKE

Half cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 3 ripe bananas.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add egg, then dry ingredients. If mixture is too stiff add a little milk. Have ready a well-buttered cake tin. Pour in half the mixture and spread on the mashed bananas, then pour in remainder of cake mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for about 50 minutes. The cake may be eaten hot or cold, with or without butter.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss I. Iker, District Hospital, Charters Towers, Qld.

### MARROW-BONE SAVORY

One marrow-bone, about 1lb. of stock, lemon juice, parsley, 1lb. short pastry, 1 tablespoon Parmesan cheese finely grated, and pepper.

Roll out pastry and sprinkle with cheese and little pepper to taste.

Fold, roll out and cut into four squares. Bake in a greased tin in a moderate oven. Take marrow from bone and put it in boiling stock and let it remain 4 minutes, then take it out and leave until cold. Put some marrow on each piece of pastry and sprinkle with lemon juice and parsley. Place in hot oven for 5 minutes, and serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss F. M. Whitehead, Florence St., Goodwood, S.A.

### CHICKEN SALAD IN ORANGE SHELLS

Three-quarters of a pint chopped cooked chicken, pepper and salt, 1½ cups chopped, peeled, seedless oranges, 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts, ½ cup cooked green peas, ½ cup mayonnaise.

Divide ingredients equally between 8 halved orange shells (vandyked around edge with scissors). Place a tiny sprig of parsley in centre of each, and sprinkle lightly with chopped mint. Serve mayonnaise and cheese straws with this dainty salad.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Becke, 346 Park Rd., Centennial Park, Sydney.

### HONEY HERMITS

One and a third cups honey, 1-3 cup butter, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful

## Christmas Dinner

Continued from page 37

### MERINGUE BASKET

Four egg-whites, 1lb. castor sugar, 1 small level teaspoon cream of tartar, vanilla and coloring.

Cut a round of greaseproof paper six inches in diameter for base of basket. Draw a handle six inches high on another piece of greaseproof paper. Put each on a reversed swiss roll tin.

Beat whites stiffly and gradually sift in castor sugar. Place basin over a saucepan of warm water and put over a very slow heat. Beat meringue over this and as water heats the meringue will set. When firm enough to hold its shape, color and flavor and fold in the cream of tartar. Using a cream rose pipe and bag, pipe a ring round edge of greaseproof paper. Spread centre with a thick layer of meringue. Build up sides to form a basket, and decorate top with meringue roses. Pipe the handle on prepared paper (it is wise to make an extra handle as they break very easily).

Place in a very moderate oven (235 deg. F.) to set without browning. Store in airtight tin until required.

**Vanilla Ice-Cream for Basket:** Quarter-pint cream, 1 pint fresh milk, 1 tin condensed milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch of salt.

Blend condensed milk and fresh milk, and beat with a rotary beater, add vanilla and salt. Whip cream until stiff enough to hold its shape. Fold into beaten milk, and continue to beat until a creamy consistency, about 5 minutes. Pour into freezing tray, place in refrigerator, turn to maximum freezing for one hour.

Fill meringue basket with ice-cream just before serving. Decorate with maraschino cherries and angelica. Place handle in position, and serve at once.



**MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS:** TO REMOVE grease stains from delicate materials pour a little eucalyptus oil on a wad of cotton-wool and dab the stain with it. Let the material dry and the stain will disappear. Repeat process for heavy stain if necessary.

cloves, 3½ cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder.

Mix strained honey and melted butter. Add eggs, milk, salt and raisins. Sift cinnamon, cloves, and baking powder with flour and beat well. Drop on a greased tray. Bake in a moderate oven until brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Muriel Halse, 17 Sandringham Rd., Sandringham 88, Vic.

### DANISH BEEF CAKE

One pound rump steak, 1lb. lean

bacon rashers, 1 large cooking apple and 1 egg.

Put through a mincer a small piece each of steak, bacon and apple till all is minced, then work egg through thoroughly with tips of fingers and add a little salt. Grease a plodish and press mixture down firmly and put a few small pieces of butter on top. Bake in moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. E. Beadnell, Shaw St., Bardon, Brisbane.



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## What Money Cannot Buy

Continued from page 7

DOLLIE needed everything woman can need, but since it is out of the question to buy all that for three pounds one (minus the balance for sausages), why tinker with the situation?

"Peter," said Dollie, with a sudden giggle, "I know. Let's have a party." He repeated, ecstatically, "A party!"

"A night out. Just you and me! Lights . . . Glamor . . . Music."

"Good!" said Peter. "Wine . . . Oh, darling . . ."

On Saturday night, when the boys were bedded down, Dollie put on her one and only evening frock. It was a picture frock so it hadn't dated too badly, though she really could not remember when she first got it, it was so long ago.

Peter's dress suit was an heirloom. Two brothers had had it before him, but once, a long time ago, it had been good. Dollie always thought him beautiful, but in evening dress—well!

They went up by train. Dinner, dancing, and cabaret, all for an inclusive price so you knew just where you were. And if they looked slightly remarkable in that fashionable place, and if people turned to look at them and smiled, with raised eyebrows, at Peter's booming laugh—at the two of them holding hands, shamelessly, at their little table—it wasn't with scorn. High spirits and laughter, and love! What money cannot buy.

"You're by far the loveliest thing in this room!" murmured Peter.

"Oh, Peter," said Dollie, "aren't we lucky to have each other, and that bonus. Really, sometimes I think I am the most fortunate woman on earth."

"Do you?" said Peter, huskily. He was a gentleman. He sometimes had his doubts. He held her hand while the cabaret unfolded its wonders before them.

"The things people think of!" said Dollie, all admiration. "Living away from it all, you forget how wonderful London is. I am sure it does us a lot of good to come out of our shells occasionally."

There was thick fog when they went out. The train was two hours late getting them back.

"One of the blessings about having nothing is that you don't fuss about thieves breaking in to steal. The really happy man," said Peter, "owns nothing that cannot be replaced from the sixpenny stores."

If the central heating was working in their carriage, it wasn't working much. They stumbled down the avenue in the teeth of an icy wind.

"Never mind the weather. We've had a lovely time," said Dollie cheerily.

Her dividends came in next day. She gave him the money as usual to pay as many bills as they could, and the cross old grocer something on account. She let him pay the bills. It's an awkward position, Dollie knew, when the wife is rich. One has to be very careful.

She set about her housework as usual. Her head ached and her bones ached, but she put it down to the night's gaieties, and thought no more of it. She often felt ill, but, having no time to moan over it, it passed off. She was making a suet pudding when it suddenly dawned on her this was not going to pass off so easily. The world went black. The suet pudding recoiled.

Matthew came in about eleven for a drink of water, and found her unconscious on the floor.

Large families are capable in emergency. The Walters children mobilised with the speed of a well-trained army. Three blasts on Matthew's Scout whistle brought the others to his aid.

Matthew and Mark put their mother to bed. Luke had just passed his Scout's cooking test, so he took on the lunch. Anthony went for the doctor. The other three tidied up and laid the table. Bluff Hal and Willie were so small they could do little but, hand things and

scavenge, but what they could do they did with a will.

Dr. Barlow came at once. He liked the Walters family, though they never paid him anything. You have to admire real courage, in whatever guise you find it.

It was influenza, and would be all right, said Dr. Barlow, as long as it did not turn to pneumonia. Peter nursed her himself. After the first two days, which contained more aches than she was accustomed to, she thoroughly enjoyed the rest. The children ran the house, and thought it a fine game.

"I SIMPLY must be all right by Christmas," Dollie said to Dr. Barlow, and he promised her she would be.

"How are we ever to thank you," she said, half shyly, when he paid his final visit.

"I can't bear to think of all we owe you. But some day . . ."

"Never mind," said Dr. Barlow. "Never mind. And I'm sending those kids of yours a crate of crackers. They deserve a pat on the back. You've got a good team there, Mrs. Walters. A very good team."

She was nearer tears than she liked to own.

Christmas Eve came. The tree was lit. The doctor's crackers popped lavishly. Matthew, dressed as Santa Claus, gave Peter the usual walking-stick. It had a horse's-head handle. They gave it to him every year. Then it went back into the hat-stand, where it remained until they polished it up again for the following Christmas. And they had the most wonderful tea party. Peter at the head of the table, Dollie at the foot, looking for all the world like a pair of surprised parent birds on whom has been wished a whole community of cuckoos.

The door-bell rang.

Matthew came back looking bewildered.

"It's a man. I don't know what

he wants, but he's in and he says he's going to stay in. You'd better go, father."

Peter's face was grey. He said: "Oh, good heavens, not just at Christmas."

He stumbled out of the room. Dollie got up and went after him.

Later they stood together in the firelit kitchen. Dollie held the grocer's bill in her hand, and it had grown now so robust its own mother would not have known it.

"But, darling, I thought you paid something last month on account," she said, aghast.

"You were ill. I wasn't going to see you going without anything that might make you better. So I spent it. That's what I did. Nothing seemed to matter but that you should have everything—everything you wanted. Oh, Dollie, forgive me!"

Forgive him? Never, she was convinced, had any man before done such an utterly loving and beautiful thing. They clung together, crying a little.

"Oh, Peter, I don't think there is anyone like you in the world. No one else would have done that for me."

And later she said, very practical: "Now, let's think what we are going to do. He must just stay, that's all. I'll explain to the children."

He said, horrified, "You won't tell the children! It will be such a shock to them."

"Nonsense! And the sooner they know what happens if you don't pay bills, the better." Dollie knew all about the Walters' tradition of shielding the young from reality, and she did not hold with it. "It won't be as bad as you think," she said. "And he seems really quite a nice man."

The children listened wide-eyed. "We are invaded!" said Matthew. "We might put him in chains and confine him to the coal cellar."

"It would only make matters worse," said Dollie. "You must be kind to him. After all, it's his Christmas, too."

"Oh, heck, another Christmas present to be found," said Mark, the practical one. "Do you think he'd like my Wonder Book of Ships?"

"Is there nothing we can sell?" asked Matthew, remembering how these snags had been side-stepped before.

Dollie looked round, and feared there wasn't.

"How much is it, Mum?"

Dollie told him.

"And he won't go till we've paid it?"

"Or most of it, darling."

"Hum," said Matthew.

The family dispersed. They went into a huddle in the icy shed at the bottom of the garden. Cold never hurt a Walters. Peter and Dollie sat hand in hand over the fire and tried to think of something. The broker's man smoked shag in the kitchen and helped with the washing up.

Christmas Day dawned on a white world. The boys all cleared off early, Dollie dimly supposed to church, but no one ever inquired where they went, as long as they all returned. The broker's man was helpful and peeled potatoes. Peter and Dollie went to church, leaving him to watch the dinner.

"Really," said Dollie, brightly, "it's most useful having someone like that around. Otherwise I'd have had to stay at home."

The boys came in to lunch, incredibly rosy, and full of secret giggles and nudges. Peter said, afterwards, warily:

"Dollie, they're up to something."

"I should hope so indeed, at their age!"

The broker's man was being immensely helpful in the kitchen so she had a spare moment, and was devoting it to mending Mark's pants. There wasn't much seat left in Mark's pants.

"I DID laugh. After church this morning such a nice little sister came and asked me if I had any old clothes for her! I told her when we had done with clothing it simply did not exist, and she laughed so nicely."

"She's staying with the Winters," said Peter, gloomily. "Lorne Winter had seen this chap about the piano, and said he saw we had visitors."

"Peter! What did you say?"

"I said yes. An uncle of my wife's."

They fell into each other's arms, weak with mirth.

It was growing dark. Lamps were lit all down the avenue, like a chain of stars. Peter opened the front door and peered into the night. He heard his family approaching long before he could see them. They made a noise like birds at morning. They poured into the shabby sitting-room depositing melting snow everywhere.

Looking extremely important, Matthew stood beside the table, and began to pull money out of his pocket. Money, and money, and money, and lastly, slapped down on the table with a grand gesture, a five pound note.

For once Dollie was frightened. She knelt beside him, her voice unsteady, her arms about him.

"Matthew, my darling one, what have you been doing? Where did you get it?"

Matthew looked at her cheekily, and tipped the end of her nose with a grimy finger. It was Mark who said:

"He sang . . . Christmas carols."

"We went by underground to London. Anthony held Bluff Hal's hand. I held Willie's. We were careful not to alight until the train had stopped. We sang—like this."

Matthew lifted his voice high, sweet, clear like a crystal river. The others joined in spontaneously. Suddenly the little room was full of music.

"People liked it. They said, 'Do it again, so we did,' said Anthony. 'We went into their houses.'"

"A man is going to write to you," said Matthew. "He said I could go to a choir school and wear a ruffe round my neck."

Peter said, incredulous, lifting the crisp five pound note from the table:

"You mean to say you got this for singing Christmas carols?"

"No. That was something different. That was funny. There was an old man in a great big motor car, and he had a beautiful girl with him. Oh, beautiful as Miss Grey at Number 1, wasn't she, Mark?"

Mark said she was.

"He wasn't singing carols. We were sick of them, so Matthew sang that thing we have on the gram. 'When I grow too old to dream . . . Pom-pom,'" said Mark.

"So the old man looked all goofy and threw that out to us, and we came home. Is it enough to pay him with, Mums? I vote we get him to stay till to-morrow. He's a decent chap. He has promised to mend my football!"

Christmas night. Lit windows all down the street. In the Walters' house, the night nursery showed a bright square of light through the darkness, before the curtain fell. Lorne Winter's dressing-room shone. A motor car went slowly down the avenue. "Poor Dr. Barlow, called out again," thought Dollie. "Well, I hope it pays him better than we ever do." Music from over the way filled the air. The Gaskdallas were having a party.

It was very cold. Dollie crept into Peter's arms.

And then she giggled suddenly:

"Telling the Winters the broker's man was my uncle. Oh Peter, you are so lovely! How do you think of these things?"

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I USED TO THINK THAT, THEN I LEARNED HOW SMOOTHLY VIM CLEANS. NOW MY THINGS KEEP BRIGHTER AND ARE EASIER TO CLEAN AND LAST MUCH LONGER.

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I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME ABOUT VIM—IT CLEANS SO SMOOTHLY, FOR CLEANING BIG SURFACES—LIKE BATHS IT'S GREAT. IT SPRINKLES—THAT'S A BIG HELP, NEVER HURTS YOUR HANDS—EITHER.

**Stop Scouring...  
"SMOOTH-CLEAN"  
your Saucepans  
with**



7,101.30 A EVER PRODUCT

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

**SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT**  
Unightly hairs can be permanently banished simply, painlessly, and without harming the skin by the use of

### "VANIX"

This preparation from the formula of Paul Van Behuyzer, dermatologist and completely destroys the hair, leaving "VANIX." Price 3/6 a bottle (posted 5/10), is obtainable from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 310 George St., Sydney, and all 12 branches: Swift's Pharmacy, 272 Lill Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 230 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birk's Chemists Ltd., 26 Rundle St., Adelaide.

## GREY HAIR?

Say goodbye to greyness or say goodbye to youth. INECTO recolors hair in nature's way—from the inside. That's why it cannot fade, wash or brush off. It is permanent—cannot be detected. Eighteen colours that match nature's. Full instructions with each bottle. Consult your hairdresser or buy from your chemist. Banish grey hair in 30 minutes with

**INECTO**  
HAIR COLOURING



● If you were clothing the Dionne Quintuplets, here is what you'd have to buy in a year: 10 coats, 5 winter outfits, 50 dresses, 25 slips, 25 underpants, 25 shirts, 20 aprons, five pairs of goileshes, 20 to 40 pairs of shoes (depending both on wear and develop-

ment of feet), five dressing-gowns, five pairs of bedroom slippers, 60 pairs of stockings, 15 sweaters, 10 skirts. Here the "Quins" are lined up in a typical daily indoor outfit—Left to right: Annette, Emilie, Cecile, Yvonne, Marie.

## The Doctor Tells You What to do

**P**ATIENT: Doctor, I was reading in the paper the other day that there is a movement afoot to encourage men to wear lighter clothing in summer.

Do you think I should encourage my husband to do the same? Would it improve the health of men generally if the shorts and light clothing which are the summer uniform of some military men were adopted?

**DOCTOR:** The answer to both these questions is yes, very definitely.

While it may be true that our women dress as smartly as any in Paris or New York, they have subtly adapted overseas fashions to suit their own particular needs.

Not so our men. The average Australian male rigidly adheres to a convention in dress which is unsuitable to our summer climate and which enhances neither his appearance nor his comfort.

The present army uniform consisting of tailored khaki shorts, short-sleeved shirt and tie, with long cotton socks is an ideal garb for our summer weather—light, loose, airy, and easily laundered.

The primary purpose of clothing after all is to assist the body in maintaining an even, healthy temperature.

### For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

**Common infectious diseases of childhood**

**D**URING droughty periods infectious diseases—always more or less with us—seem to be more prevalent, and there are certain facts about the nature of these infectious "fevers" that every young mother should know.

In these days a certain amount of immunity can be given in some cases, so that medical advice regarding this should always be sought when it is known that a child has been exposed to some infection or when there is a widespread epidemic.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope, is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

perature. Normal blood heat is approximately 98.4 degrees Fahrenheit.

All the complex body processes are so regulated that they function best at this temperature, and quite small variations from it cause great distress.

To cope with this situation the body has developed a very efficient heat-regulating mechanism.

In warm weather this mechanism works on the principle of the water-bag cooler, and depends for its cooling effect upon the evaporation of perspiration.

If you are going to assist the body in its task of keeping cool, and to minimise the strain of the hot weather on health and fitness, you must help—not hinder—evaporation of this moisture from the surface of the body.

### Double strain

**L**IGHT, airy clothing will do this. But thick, close-fitting suits prevent the free circulation of air over the skin, and much of the body's hard work is wasted.

Thus it has to bear a double strain—first, the sweat glands in an attempt to remedy matters must produce many times more sweat than is really needed, and secondly, the whole body must put up with the discomfort and inconvenience of a slightly raised temperature owing to the inefficiency of its cooling system.

However, after many years of suffering and discomfort, menfolk this year do appear to be considering the problem of dress reform more seriously.

With the fine example of the army and the air force before them, the back of the old convention seems to have been broken, and many civilians have donned more suitable attire already.

One objection often raised to this movement for dress reform is that men in shorts, or in short-sleeved shirts without coats, look "undressed."

It is really a matter of opinion whether it is better to look smartly "undressed" and cool, or "dressed" in a limp collar and a coat which is a sodden mass of misery.

Moreover, how do you think our great-grandparents would describe the women of to-day? Something very much more than "undressed." I venture, yet the modern girl can give many points to her great-grandmother.

Another objection is that the wearing of light clothing invites chills and colds. Rather, the very opposite is true. Light clothing accustoms the body to changes of temperature, and hardens the constitution.

Statistics show that women, who

## HEALTHY RETURN FOR MEN IN SUMMER

wear less in winter than many men do in summer, suffer from fewer colds than men.

Certainly it would not be wise to disturb the habits of a lifetime and discard heavy clothing for lighter garb suddenly.

But the acclimatisation process needs only a very short time, and having once tasted the joys of the new freedom, very few return peacefully to the old bondage.

Which reminds me of the American story of the Westerner, in his thick three-piece suit, who asked of the savage in his loin-cloth, "Aren't you cold?" "In your face cold?" was the rejoinder. "No," admitted the Westerner. "Then," said the savage, "me all face."

So you see it is largely a matter of habit after all—but a very pleasant and healthy habit in this climate!



## Precious Charm

To guard your feminine charm, use only a long-lasting perspiration check—one that will not wash off in the bath, that will not fail you in hot weather, during nervous excitement or exercise.

Liquid Odo-ro-no is a doctor's prescription. It safely and surely checks underarm perspiration. It is not quicker to use, but it is *safer*. It comes in two strengths: Regular and Instant.

## ODO-RO-NO

1/-, 2/- and 5/-



### The Australian Women's Weekly NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.



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THEY'RE GOOD  
THEY FIT...AND  
THE PATTERNS  
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**Pelaco**  
SHIRTS

WITH SPOTWELDED COLLARS



## LEA PERRINS Tomato Sauce and LEA PERRINS Worcestershire Sauce

Make a Perfect  
**OYSTER  
COCKTAIL**

### Dainty bib and feeders

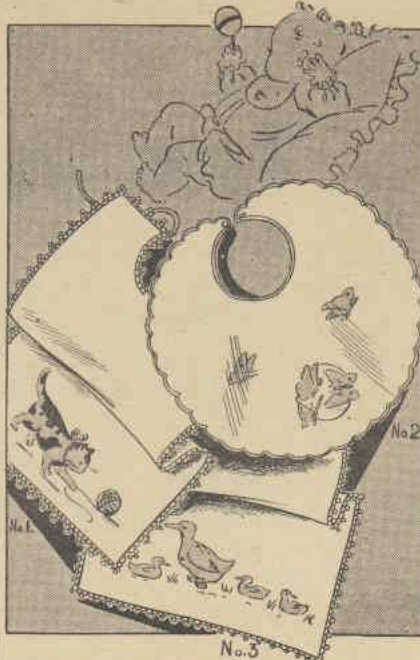
THESE three useful baby items can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced for working.

No. 1—Feeder in Cat design. Traced on linora in green, blue, pink, or cream. Edges spoke-stitched for crochet. Price 9d.

No. 2—Bib in Butterfly design. Traced on ingola in pink or blue, or on white kabe silk. Scalloped edges for buttonholing. Price, 1/-.

No. 3—Feeder in Duck design. Traced on linora in green, blue, pink, or cream. Edges spoke-stitched for crochet. Price 9d.

### NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



THREE DAINTY ITEMS FOR BABY—two feeders and a bib. Feeders are traced on linora and are priced at 9d. The bib is traced on ingola or kabe silk and is priced at 1/-.

### SUN-BONNET for the TODDLER

THIS attractive little sun hat, specially designed for small girls' wear, can be obtained from our Needlework Department.

It is traced all ready for making up and working on linora in green, blue, pink, or cream.

The dainty floral motif is stamped on the brim, and the crown is adjustable.

Available in sizes 2 to 6 years. Price, 1/11.



YOUR LITTLE GIRL would look sweet in this sun-bonnet. It is available, traced for making up and working, in linora in green, blue, pink, or cream.

BUT MRS. LUDLOW—  
IT'S CHEAPER TO BUY  
GOOD FOOD IN THE  
LONG RUN



Mrs. Ludlow. Now, now, Granny Martin—don't be hasty. I was just wondering...

Granny Martin. Well, I'm just telling you, Mrs. Ludlow, when you buy Kellogg's Corn Flakes you get back the full value for your money in quality.

Mrs. Ludlow. Oh, I know that, Mrs. Martin. I always say there's one thing about those Kellogg's Corn Flakes, they're always as fresh as though they'd just come out of the oven.



You have to eat 3 eggs  
to equal the energy  
value you get out  
of a plate of  
KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES

IN FACT, ONE PLATEFUL  
OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES  
WITH MILK AND SUGAR

PROVIDES A BOY OF 10 WITH  
ENOUGH ENERGY TO RIDE  
A BIKE 13 MILES

GOSH, MUM! THOSE  
KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES  
TASTE SO BONZER, THEY  
KNOCK SPOTS OFF  
EVERYTHING ELSE

**NO  
COOKING**  
No scraping  
saucepans  
**KELLOGG'S  
CORN FLAKES**  
are the  
**30 Second Breakfast**



### Sauce-bottle cover...

HERE is a most practical gift for your best friend—a sauce-bottle cover, which you can finish with dainty embroidery.

The cover is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on linen in cream, white, blue, green, yellow or pink.

Edges are spoke-stitched for crochet finish.

Price is 1/3, plus 1d. for postage.

It is a good idea to have the cover in a shade to match the tablecloth or place mats.

ALWAYS useful—a sauce-bottle cover. It is traced for working on white or colored linen. Price 1/3, plus 1d. for postage.



### Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O.  
Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O.  
Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O.  
Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O.  
Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O.  
Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O.  
If calling, 176 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



COVERS for telephone and recipe-cutting books. Available in colored linora and stamped for working. Both these items would make ideal Christmas gifts.

### Covers... for telephone and recipe books

YOUR friends would appreciate either of these gifts—a telephone-book cover or a cover for a recipe-cutting book.

Both are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on linora in cream, pink, blue, or green.

Edges are spoke-stitched for crochet finish.

The telephone-book cover is stamped with floral motif. Price is 1/11.

The recipe-book cover is stamped with name and rabbit and fruit design. Price 2/3.

### Handy... SHOPPING BAG

SUCH a useful item—a shopping bag!

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for making up and working on crash or on Cesarine in green, blue, or cream.

Size is 17 inches wide by 12 inches deep and the price is 2/6.

The embroidery should be done in left-over scraps of wool in bright colors.

The wooden frame may be obtained from leading city stores and is easily attached to the material when the embroidery has been completed and the sides stitched up.



FOR A FRIEND or for yourself—a shopping bag in crash or Cesarine. It is traced ready for making up and working, and costs 2/6 from our Needlework Department.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 166-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



Thanks to Steedman's! Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe aperient up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklets posted free on request.

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STEEDMAN'S  
POWDERS**  
FOR CONSTIPATION

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### She Was Nervy, Despondent

ALWAYS TIRED AND  
RUN-DOWN

"I always felt dead tired," states Mrs. E.L. of Wanyarra, Vic. "The least bit of work seemed a great trouble, and I would get despondent over nothing at all. I was very nervous and run-down."

"Immediately I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I felt the benefit, for I became stronger and took more interest in life. Now, after a few bottles, my nerves have recovered and I feel so entirely different. I have lost the despondent, weary feeling and gained plenty of energy. Housework is now no trouble."

"When your nerves become tired and worn out, and weariness, worry, depression, dizziness cause wretched days and nights, you need the world-famous Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to revitalize your system throughout with new rich red blood. People who take these pills say they are wonderfully beneficial for the whole system. Begin Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without delay. If you are nervous, run-down, and need new strength and vigour. At chemists and stores."





TENNIS-COURT tea-pavilion built in Chinese style. It has a red roof with white eaves, red lacquered posts, yellow walls, and gold trimmings. Furniture is yellow.

## PAVILION IN THE GARDEN

● Make more use of the outdoors by having a pavilion in your garden. Besides being decorative it will provide a place in which to relax, entertain, or study. Above all, it will prove an exciting playtime abode for the children.

By  
OUR HOME DECORATOR

SUMMER-HOUSES are not cheap to build as a rule owing to their intricate lath-work design, and they have the disadvantage of being useful only on hot summer days.

In the average home garden there is more use for a tiny pavilion—one which will provide shade on hot days and also be a habitable spot in less cheerful types of weather.

I have designed one for you which besides being decorative and useful would not be too costly to build. Better still—if the man of the house is handy with hammer and nails and enjoys home carpentry jobs, then you can acquire a garden pavilion for the cost of the materials only.

As shown in the sketch below, the deck of a ship has been used as the basis for the design of the pavilion. Size is 10ft. by 8ft. Height is a



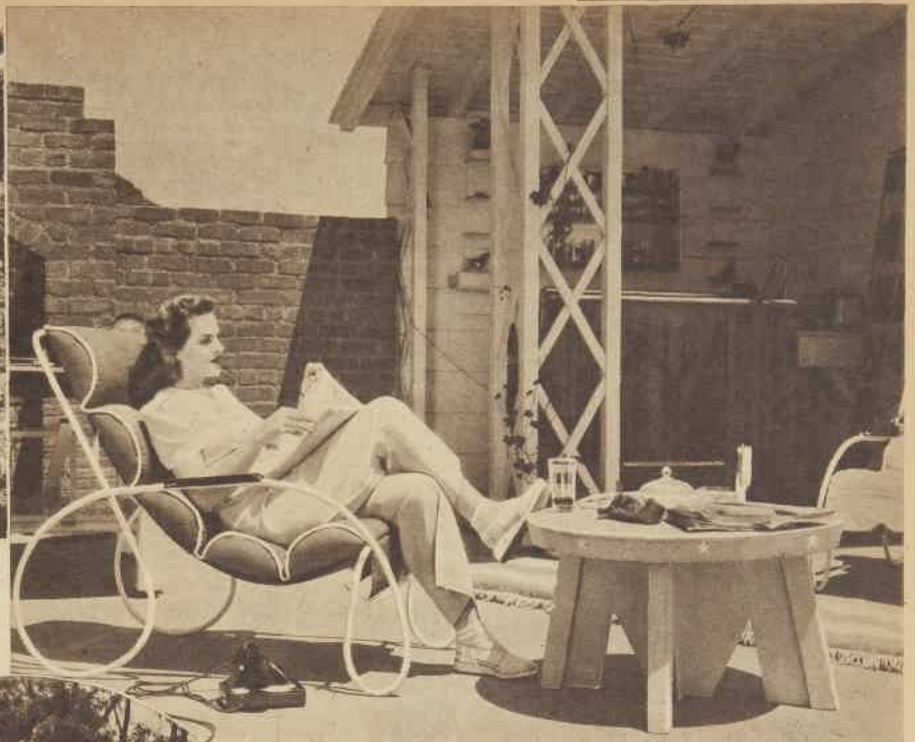
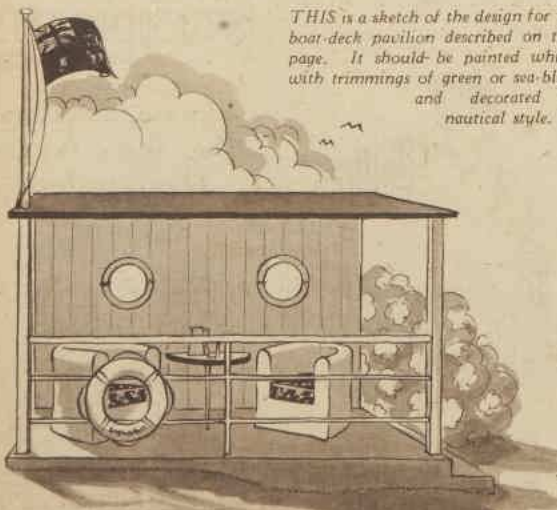
IF YOU CAN'T run to a pavilion, but have an attractive garden, do have a seat or two like this in a snug corner where you can read, study, or even entertain.

matter of preference, but obviously the lower the roof the snugger the pavilion will look.

Studs at the back support the timber wall, in which are two port-hole-like round windows. Railings and corner posts in the foreground can be of timber, but piping would look more effective.

The roof is practically flat, sloping just enough to carry off rain-water. The post at front left is carried up through the roof to form a short flagpole.

THIS is a sketch of the design for the boat-deck pavilion described on this page. It should be painted white, with trimmings of green or sea-blue, and decorated in nautical style.



THIS isn't exactly a pavilion, but it offers an idea for building an outdoor room on to a corner of the house or making use of one end of a veranda and furnishing it with tables, lounges, and other comforts. The comfortable spot above belongs to Constance Moore, Universal star.

**Give a Kodak**  
... the Happy  
Christmas Gift  
that  
never fails  
to click!

# KODAK

## Christmas Gifts

**KODAKS and BROWNIES**

carry with them  
the promise of a  
thousand charming  
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The pavilion may have a concrete or timber floor. If having a timber floor, make it one foot off the ground.

If concrete, have the floor right on the ground so as to facilitate the job of cementing. When completed the floor will, of course, be a few inches higher than ground level.

Use white paint for the main color, and touch up with a dark green or a sea-blue. A good idea is to color the ceiling a soft blue to lessen the glare of the sun.

Striped canvas blinds as an extra item would be gay and prove very useful, especially if you used the pavilion as a sleep-out or as a guest-hut as the design suggests.

You can introduce your own individual finishes, such as a life-buoy or two on the front rail. These help to add the nautical touch.

Build the pavilion against a background of shrubs if possible, but let it face on to a green lawn. You'll be surprised how attractive it appears—just as if a slice of a ship's deck were sailing on the sea-green lawn!

Some other ideas for garden rooms are also shown on this page.

There is a tennis-court tea-house in Chinese style. It has red lacquer posts, yellow walls, red roof, white eaves and gold trimmings. Furniture is yellow.

If you can't manage a pavilion, a seat in a quiet spot in the garden is an excellent idea. It makes a pleasant place for reading or entertaining.

Sometimes a pavilion, something like that shown at top right, can be added to the corner of the house and supplied with various comforts such as lounges, tables, and other items.



# Santa's "Sure to Please" Gifts



ARNOTT'S SPECIAL  
XMAS PUDDINGS:  
Fins: 1lb, 1lb, 1lb, 2lb,  
3lb Glass Jars: 1lb,  
1lb, 1lb, 2lb.

ARNOTT'S FAMOUS  
XMAS CAKES:  
Packed in 2lb. and 3lb.  
airtight tins.

**Y**EAR by year more Arnott Christmas Cakes and Puddings are ordered by keen housewives, who have found them to be wonderfully good and all ready for the table, free of the laborious work and worry of grandmother's day. There is an experience of over 70 years and a rare choice of ingredients behind their delicious excellence. Cakes so rich and moist, so tempting, fruity and satisfying; Puddings so deliciously flavoured, made true to tradition from an old English recipe.

Above is Arnott's 1940 Christmas Cake tin. The paper strip around it is easily removed, the housewife has then a container in perfect taste, yet beautifully colourful. It very fittingly reflects the quality of its rich contents, and is a most graceful and desirable Christmas gift.

Don't Delay — Help the  
Red Cross To-day.



William Arnott Pty. Limited, Homebush

**Arnott's**  
*famous*  
**XMAS CAKES & PUDDINGS**  
ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S